

# THE FIELD AFAR

## MARYKNOLL



THE SEA OF TIBERIAS

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.  
(LEGAL TITLE)

VOL-XXIX  
NUMBER-4

EASTER NUMBER

APRIL  
1935

# Universities, Colleges, and Schools

## UNIVERSITIES FOR MEN

Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.  
University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio

## COLLEGES FOR MEN

Mt. St. Mary's College & Eccl. Sem., Emmitsburg, Md.  
Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.  
Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J.

## COLLEGES FOR WOMEN

Trinity College, Washington, D. C.  
St. Xavier College, 4928 Xavier Pk., Chicago, Ill.  
Barat College & Academy of Sacred Heart,  
Lake Forest, Ill.  
Rosary College, River Forest, Ill.  
College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.  
St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md.  
Maryville College,  
Meramec St. & Nebraska Ave., St. Louis, Mo.  
Georgian Court College, Lakewood, N. J.  
The College of St. Rose, Albany, N. Y.  
College of Mt. St. Vincent-on-Hudson, N. Y. C.  
Pius X School of Liturgical Music, College of the Sacred  
Heart, 133rd St. & Convent Ave., N. Y. C.  
Marymount College & School,  
Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.  
College Misericordia, Dallas, Pa.  
Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa.  
Rosemont College, Rosemont, Pa.

## PREPARATORY SCHOOLS FOR BOYS

The Newman School, Lakewood, N. J.  
Mount St. Michael's,  
4300 Murdock Ave., New York, N. Y.  
St. Aloysius Academy for Boys, West Chester, Pa.

## CAMPS

Venard Camp, Maryknoll Preparatory College,  
Clarks Summit, Pa.

## ACADEMIES FOR GIRLS

Academy of Our Lady of Mercy, Milford, Conn.  
Junior College and Academy of the Immaculate Conception,  
Oldenburg, Indiana  
Notre Dame of Maryland High School, Baltimore, Md.  
Marycliff Academy, Arlington Heights, Mass.  
Mt. St. Joseph Academy, Brighton, Mass.  
Academy of the Sacred Heart, Fall River, Mass.  
Jeanne d'Arc Academy, Milton, Mass.  
Academy of the Visitation,  
5448 Cabanne Ave., St. Louis, Mo.  
Mt. St. Mary, Hookset Heights, N. H.  
Holy Angels Institute, Fort Lee, N. J.  
Saint Vincent Academy, 226 W. Market St., Newark, N. J.  
Academy of St. Joseph, Brentwood, N. Y.  
St. Clare's School,  
Hastings-on-Hudson, Mount Hope, N. Y.  
Academy of the Holy Child Jesus,  
630 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.  
Ursuline Academy,  
Grand Concourse and East 165th St., N. Y. C.  
Academy of The Holy Child, Suffern, N. Y.  
Our Lady of Mercy Academy, Syosset, Long Island, N. Y.  
Mater Misericordiae Academy, Merion (Phila.), Pa.  
Villa Maria Convent, Montreal, Quebec, Canada

## BUSINESS COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS

Assisium Business Institute (Girls),  
13 17 W. 128th St., N. Y. C.

## SCHOOLS OF NURSING

Georgetown University Hospital, School of Nursing,  
Washington, D. C.  
St. Joseph Mineral Baths, Mt. Clemens, Mich.  
St. Camillus School of Training,  
Gull Road, Kalamazoo, Mich.  
Santa Rosa Infirmary, School of Nursing, San Antonio, Tex.

### NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

Charles Street, Baltimore  
Catholic College for Women conducted  
by the School Sisters of Notre Dame.  
Academic Department—High School  
Courses of College Preparatory Grade,  
Elementary Department, Music, Art,  
Physical Culture. For Catalogue, ad-  
dress: The Secretary.

### WARNING!

**THE FIELD AFAR has  
NO PAID AGENTS**

### PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

**FIFTY dollars, paid  
within two years (fifty  
cents a week will accom-  
plish this), secures a paid  
up Maryknoll insurance  
of the spiritual order—  
including a life subscrip-  
tion to THE FIELD AFAR.**

### S. O. S.

**The Maryknoll  
Sisters Need  
Canceled Stamps**

### ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

Winooski Park, Vermont  
Conducted by the Fathers of St. Edmund.  
A.B.; Ph.B.; B.S.; Registered by Univer-  
sity of State of New York. Preparatory  
Seminary for the Fathers of St. Edmund  
connected with the Institution.  
Send for catalogue  
**THE REGISTRAR**

SELECT YOUR SCHOOL FROM OUR LIST

# The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

Most Rev. James Anthony Walsh, M. Ap., Superior General

## THE FIELD AFAR

THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

Subscription rates: one dollar (\$1.00) a year; five dollars (\$5.00) for six years; fifty dollars (\$50.00) for life.

Entered at Post Office, Maryknoll, N. Y. AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917; authorized Nov. 21, 1921.

Make checks and money orders payable to The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.

For further information address:

The Catholic Foreign Mission Society,  
Maryknoll, N. Y.



MARYKNOLL

## CONTENTS

Home Knoll News .....	99
The Magic Mountain .....	102
The Lepers' Easter .....	104
Manchukuo Confirmations.....	106
The Sisters' Page .....	108
Editorials .....	110
A Miracle of Grace .....	112
Overseas Maryknolls .....	115
Garden of the Chalice (Story) .....	118
Maryknoll Sponsors .....	125

THE FIELD AFAR is indexed in The Catholic Periodical Index, to be found in public libraries.

Established by action of the United States Hierarchy, assembled at Washington, April 27, 1911.

Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. Final Approval by Pope Pius XI, May 7, 1930.

"Maryknoll", in honor of the Queen of Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

**Object**—to train Catholic missionaries for the heathen, with the ultimate aim to develop a native clergy in lands now pagan.

**Priests**, students, and Auxiliary Brothers compose the Society.

**Auxiliary Brothers** participate as teachers, trained nurses, office assistants, and skilled workmen.

## IN THE UNITED STATES

**Central Administration and Seminary** are at Ossining (Maryknoll P. O.), New York, about thirty miles north of the metropolis. Students in the seminary make the usual six-year course in Philosophy and Theology.

**Maryknoll Preparatory Colleges**—These are at Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania; Cincinnati, Ohio; and Los Altos, California.

**Maryknoll Procures** are located as follows:

New York City, at 103 Park Ave.

San Francisco, Calif., at 1492 McAllister St., corner of Scott.

Los Angeles, Calif., at 1220 South Alvarado St.

Seattle, Wash., at 1603 East Jefferson St.

**Maryknoll Japanese Missions.**

At Los Angeles, Calif., Maryknoll Fathers 426 South Boyle Ave.; or

Maryknoll Convent, 425 South Boyie Ave. At San Juan, Calif., Maryknoll Fathers, San Juan Bautista Mission. At Seattle, Wash., Maryknoll Convent, 507 Seventeenth Ave.

**House of Study in Rome, Italy**, at Via Sardegna, 83.

**Probationary (Novitiate)**

This is located in the Archdiocese of Boston.

P. O. address: Bedford, Mass.

Telephone: Billerica 708

## EASTERN ASIA ADDRESSES

### China—

Maryknoll Procure, 160 Austin

Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong

For Bishop Walsh and Priests—

Catholic Mission, Kongmoon,

Kwangtung, China

For Msgr. Meyer and Priests—

Catholic Mission, Wuchow,

Kwangsi, China

For Msgr. Ford and Priests—

Catholic Mission, Kaying, via

Swatow, China

For Msgr. Lane and Priests—

Catholic Mission, Fushun, Man-

chukuo

For Sisters of Manchukuo

Tenshudo, Dairen, Manchukuo

For Sisters in Hong Kong—

Maryknoll Convent, 103 Austin

Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong

### Korea—

For Msgr. Morris and Priests—

Catholic Mission, Peng Yang,

Korea

For Sisters—

Maryknoll Convent,

Catholic Mission, Yeng You,

Korea

### Philippine Islands—

For Priests—

St. Rita's Hall, Manila, P. I.

For Sisters—

St. Mary's Hall, Manila, P. I.

## Hawaiian Islands—

For Priests—

1701 Wilder Ave.,

Honolulu, Hawaii

For Sisters—

1722 Dole St.,

Honolulu, Hawaii

## ASSOCIATES

EVERY subscriber is registered as a member of the C. F. M. S. and remains such until the subscription expires. A life subscriber, on payment of fifty dollars within two years, becomes a Perpetual Member.

Members share in ten thousand Masses offered yearly by Maryknoll priests, and are remembered daily in the several Maryknoll communities. Members also share in the labors, sacrifices, and privations of the missionaries.

## CABLE ADDRESS:

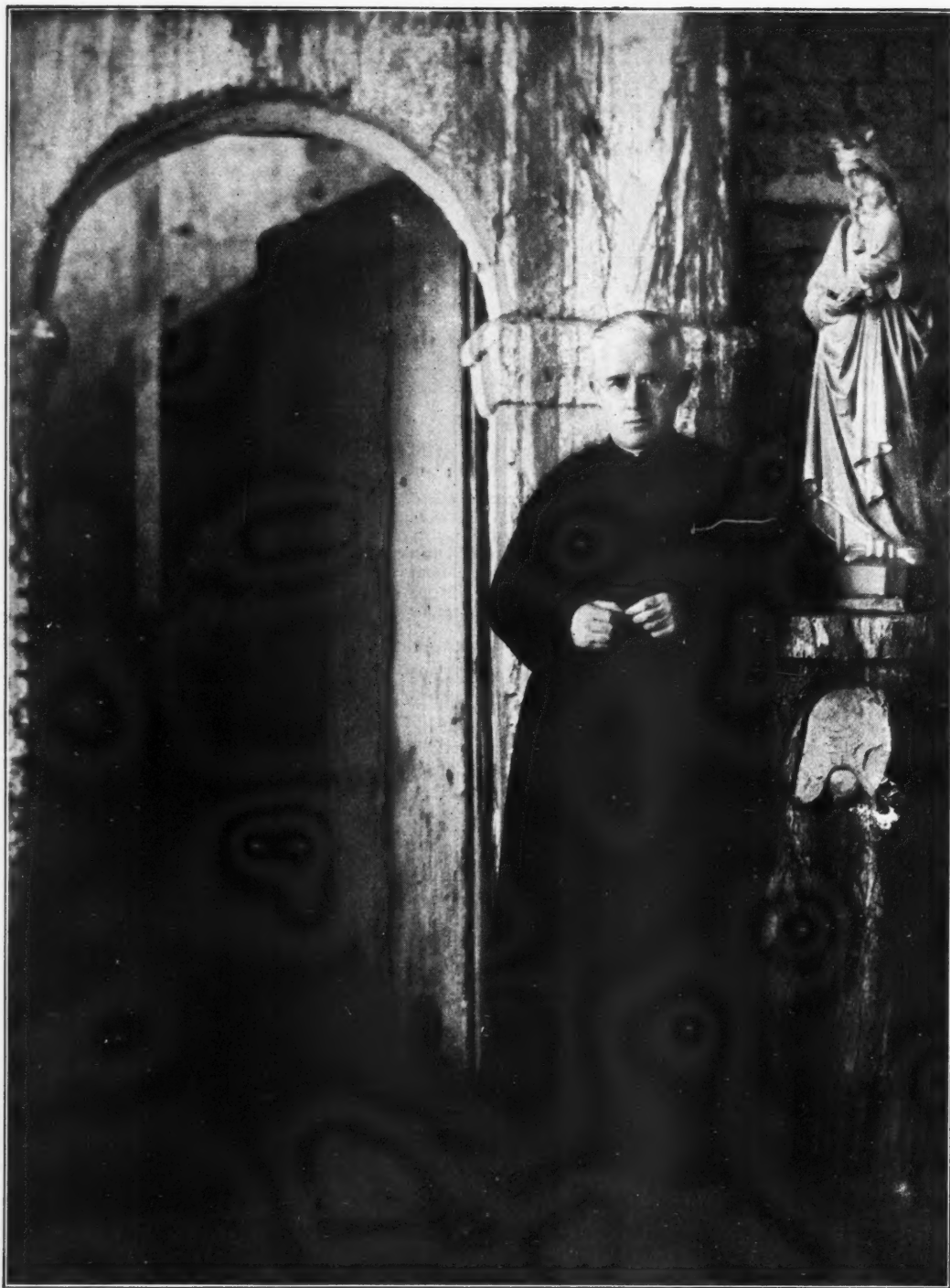
Maryknoll — Ossining, N. Y.

## BEQUEST FORMS

I hereby give, devise, and bequeath unto the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., (Maryknoll)

..... (here insert legacy) ..... to be used by the said Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., for the purposes for which it is incorporated.

I hereby give, devise, and bequeath unto the Foreign Mission Sisters of Saint Dominic, Inc., of Maryknoll, Ossining, New York, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New York ..... (here insert legacy) ..... to be used by the said Foreign Mission Sisters of Saint Dominic, Inc., for the purposes for which it is incorporated.



*Photo by William H. Smith, San Francisco*

**An Old Doorway Built By Convert Indians At Mission San Juan  
Bautista, California**

*No Spanish Padre was ever more interested in the welfare of this old California Mission  
than its present pastor, Maryknoll's Father Francis Caffrey, of Lawrence, Massachusetts*





# THE FIELD AFAR

APRIL, 1935



## Spring's Miracle Visits the Home Knoll

THE news from the Maryknoll Generalissimo is very reassuring. By the time these lines are in print, Bishop James Anthony Walsh will be putting the last impatient touches on his rest cure and will be preparing to head for the Center once again. It promises to be a happy Easter indeed on the Knoll-top!

### An Anniversary—

TOWARD the middle of this month of April, on the eighteenth to be precise, Knollers will commemorate the first anniversary of the passing of Father Francis Bridge.

Father Francis did not die at his post in Manchukuo, because he was carried away from it and that by a Protestant missionary. The gentleman found him in unbelievable agony, but doggedly determined never to quit his people. The worker for our separated brethren engaged a bodyguard of soldiers, for this was in the dangerous days of 1932, and with true brotherly Christian charity brought him out from the back country to the railway.

There followed the months of struggle to get back, but finally this strong, big-boned, big-hearted priest accepted the inevitable. Under orders, he humbly took the road of the tenderfoot, back to the home country. He was brought from the boat to a hospital bed, agonized for a year, went to his reward April 18, 1934.

He performed no thrilling deeds, but none the less among fellow Knollers his name bears legendary luster. It is not for what he did, but for what he wanted to do. He yearned and hungered, sighed and dreamed, for the life of the apostle, and the spectacle of this pain-racked, bed-ridden victim of disease passionately asking for the life of the

saddle and the hardships of mission journeys in Southern Manchukuo made visitors stand in awe.

The devoted hospital nun who tended him during his last year in San Francisco has put her rec-

such a picture. Here is the example of the indomitable Christian conqueror, found not between the covers of a history book, but in one with whom we have lived and laughed in friendly familiarity.

Within the Knoll precincts, to the spirit of the place is gradually becoming linked the spirit of the Francis Bridges who once lived here and whose moving story comes back to grip us. In ancient lands of Europe we can mount the stairways of centuries-old houses of training and recall the generations of modest heroes who went out to the mission fields. Time adorns such places with beauty, like rich moss on stone. And time has already begun its work at Maryknoll.



THE MARYKNOLL ORCHARD  
SHARES IN THE SPLENDORS OF  
RESURRECTION

ollections of him on paper. "The smallest mention of China and its missions seemed to stir his very soul", she says.

She explains that during this entire year Father Francis insisted that his traveling equipment be kept near to where he lay. "Occasionally he would ask to see his kit", she writes, "which contained the chalice, missal, cards, and so forth which he used in celebrating Holy Mass in the far, mission fields of China." He never resigned; he was the missionary of his people to the very end.

Those of us who must follow the plebian paths of the stay-at-home pause in wonderment at

### Star of Gold—

WHILE the residents within dream of passing through the Maryknoll portals out to the East, others outside long for the day when they can pass in to begin the years of preparation. At this season of the year in particular the mail of the Maryknoll Vocation Director is heavy.

Some writers are youngsters who are putting their first foot forward on the long road to the mission career. Their letters often possess an ingenuousness which sparkles. For instance: "I am in the fifth grade, when I finish the eighth, I'm going to join Maryknoll. How are all the young Fathers?" They run through every possible type, up to the seminarian well along in his theology years who desires to choose the mission life of Maryknoll on the eve of his ordination.

Very interesting, too, are the letters of the parents. Occasionally a poor mother or father, frantic at the forbidding prospect of a son going off to danger overseas,

A BLESSED EASTERTIDE TO ALL OUR READERS!



MARYKNOLLERS IN JAPAN, FR. CLEMENT BOESFLUG, OF BISMARCK, N. D. (LEFT), FR. JOSEPH DALY, OF WORCESTER, MASS., AND FR. EVERETT BRIGGS, OF BOSTON, MASS., VISIT THE GREAT CHION-IN TEMPLE AT KYOTO, HEADQUARTERS OF A POWERFUL BUDDHIST SECT

makes violent opposition. The working of grace in breaking down this opposition is beautiful to watch.

Many, instead, seem exultant that God has marked their household in the choosing of His apostles. We recall a mother who encouraged her eldest son's vocation from the first and brought him personally to Maryknoll to make his application, and in the train

on the way proposed to him that they say the beads that he be accepted. She now shares the honors of all he accomplishes in South China.

A wonderful Catholic home not far from the Knoll seats its many-childrended family about a great oak table in a lovely dining room, and one place near mother and father is held too sacred to be occupied. A gold star embedded in the

oak at the vacant place bears a date; it is the day when the eldest child left home to become a Maryknoller.

#### A Homeland Apostle—

**V**OCIFEROUS cheering was heard recently in the student quarters and announced the arrival of Doctor Phelan's new book. The work is historical, of course, though Maryknoll's revered Professor of History has at times indulged in meeting the needs of the day in the field of sacred oratory.

The station master at Millwood will testify if necessary—it is down in the records—that ever since that restlessness revealed itself over on Ossining's Sunset Hill which has resulted in the raising of a pile of buildings known as Maryknoll, a large-bodied gentleman in clerical garb and generous-sized Stetson hat has alighted from the train every Tuesday and Friday afternoon and has been driven off in the Maryknoll direction.

And the Maryknoll scribe will testify that for over twenty years now on these Tuesday and Friday afternoons the Maryknoll seminary body has gathered at the feet of the sage of Mamaroneck and has drunken in, yes, the lore of the ages it is true, but meantime much of the homely and homespun philosophy of the ages. Into the story of Henry IV at Canossa, or of Henry VIII at Windsor, or of any of a thousand other scenes on the tapestry of history, the Professor weaves his story of human nature and its sameness and vagaries, of man and his foibles and weaknesses and inconstancy. Thus Doctor Phelan sends out to Asia with every Maryknoller a part of himself, a contribution in the knowledge of men which no doubt has won more than one Oriental to God.

Meanwhile a part of every levite who goes overseas remains in the homeland at Mamaroneck. For Doctor Phelan becomes strongly attached to the hopefuls who sit

before him. He remembers them always as the youngsters they were when he first knew them; they may now bear the dignities and responsibilities which come with passing time, but to him they are still "Jim" and "Frank" and "Jack" and "Joe". As he hears of things well done, "I'm not surprised," he says, "Frank was a good lad," "Jim was always bright as a dollar." At Mamaroneck the Maryknoll cohorts remain always plain folks at home.

As to the book, "*Catholics in Colonial Days*", we think you will like it because it talks of the pioneering days when the Church in America was young. Maryknollers recommend it!

#### One in Six—

EVERY young blood at the Knoll feels that his chances of being assigned to labor in Japan are at least one in six. (The Nippon field will be Maryknoll's sixth in the Orient.) And in the enthusiasm of these days of the departure of Father Byrne for Maryknoll-in-Japan, many of the non-commissioned frankly hope that the odds are still more strongly in favor of such an appointment.

It is with keen dismay, therefore, that Maryknollers witness the present heedless hostility in America to the Japanese. All who know the situation feel that, whatever the wrongs which must be righted, jingoism will not right them. And, on whatever side of the Pacific the wrongdoers may be, one thing is certain, namely, that on the Japanese side there are far too many noble and high-minded people to justify the unqualified condemnations which men are flinging about so thoughtlessly.

At the present moment Maryknoll has the distinction of being the Catholic organization in America which is most actively engaged in laboring for the spiritual interests of the Japanese, a fact which Catholics of Japan have been quick to appreciate.

### GOD is touching the souls of American youths with the fire of the apostolate to heathen lands.

#### A Chinese Little Flower—

HER young aunt, the daughter of a well-known Hong Kong merchant, had gone overseas to the Maryknoll Convent at Ossining, N. Y. Phyllis, too, wished to do likewise, but she was yet young.



SISTER MARY TERESITA WONG, FORMERLY OF HONG KONG. A MARYKNOLL SISTER WHO DIED AT MONROVIA, CALIFORNIA, ON FEBRUARY 13, 1935

I was on my way to Shanghai, returning to the States. Would I see Phyllis, whose home at the time was in the great Chinese port, and pass an opinion? Gladly, if I could find her, and if my boat-leave would allow time. Father Farmer, S.J., a converted Protestant missionary who had been our guest at Maryknoll, found the address, and Phyllis soon appeared—smiling, as I shall always remember her. That was in 1926.

Three years later she arrived at the Maryknoll Sisters' Motherhouse, with a Hong Kong girl

friend, also an aspirant. Dressed as in her own country, she had come across the United States making friends in the train, as she did wherever she went.

Her young aunt was a novice when she began her life as a postulant. On April 30th, 1930, Phyllis became Sister Mary Teresita, and entered upon a season of apparent good health and much spiritual joy.

"An immaculate life is old age," says the Book of Wisdom, and Phyllis Wong was evidently going to earn her eternal reward early, not however until after a long period of suffering, which necessitated, some months before her death, an amputation of the leg. She welcomed the operation as a relief, and even wished to observe it; and when the surgeons shook their heads in reply, she called their attention to a small growth on her arm, which she said they might as well take out while they were about it.

Sister Mary Teresita (Phyllis Wong) spent her last year at the Maryknoll Sisters' Sanatorium in Monrovia, California. During her illness her mother, a gracious Chinese lady, twice made the long journey across the Pacific and she was with her when on last February thirteenth the patient sufferer went to God. Sister Teresita was also comforted during the last days of her life by the presence at her bedside of Mother Mary Joseph, the Maryknoll Sisters' Mother General, then making a visitation of the Congregation's Pacific Coast houses.

Mrs. Wong took back to China with her the body of her saintly child, and she made the voyage in the company of Maryknoll Sister-missioners going out to assume the care of Mr. Lo Pa Hong's new hospital for the mentally afflicted in Shanghai.

Sister Mary Teresita Wong was born on January 3, 1907. Her father, a physician, was educated at Cambridge, England, and her brothers assist our Maryknoll Procurator at Hong Kong.

## Shak Chin, The "Magic Mountain"

By Fr. Raymond Quinn, of Monterey Park, Calif., a missioner of the Maryknoll Kaying field, South China



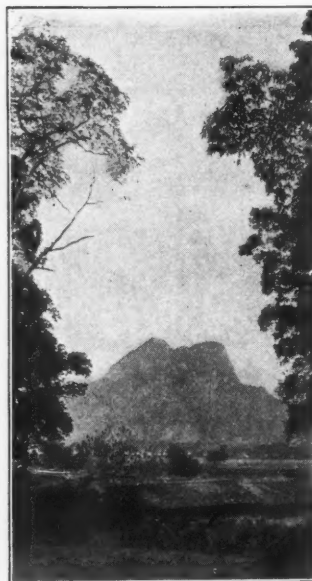
THE bicycle on which I was riding rounded a low hill and in the distance the soaring majesty of Shak Chin mountain came into view. Shak Chin means "sheer rock", an apt description. It rises abruptly from the low foothills like some fabled mountain of antiquity, not made of prosaic earth and stone, but of rock candy perhaps, or devil's food cake. Near its top one could easily imagine a castle with slender spires and golden turrets. It was just such a mountain as some evil spirit might inhabit while holding in subjection a whole valley.

Merely an idle fancy, of course, but for the moment amusing. As if in answer to my thought, the bicycle, bewitched, immediately refused to go. Although the sun continued to beat down, a heavy rain began. I tinkered with the bicycle for some moments, but at last gave it up as a waste of time. Now thoroughly drenched by the hot shower, I decided to walk the remaining four or five miles to the mission. As I trudged along, pushing the "bike" up hills and holding it back on the downgrade, we passed some people working in a field. They seemed to shrink from me. One little boy ran screaming to his mother. Such an experience might well disconcert the most nonchalant, but I told myself that these people were under the power of the "Old Man of the Mountain".

At last I came to the town. Outside its gate a wizened beggar asked for an alms. In exchange for a few coppers he told me that the church was on the other side of town. Along Main Street the people seemed under a spell too. A few that were about sat in their chairs as if turned to stone.

But, as I reached the mission gate, the rain slowed to a drizzle. The moment I stepped within, it stopped. Sud-

denly all was changed. The mission compound was full of life and cheery laughter. The school children came running to greet me. Some Christians who were there gave me a warm welcome. It was as if I had escaped from a sinister land of evil. All this about the evil spirit and his spell may sound like my imaginings plus a few coinci-



SHAK CHIN MEANS "SHEER ROCK", AN APT DESCRIPTION OF THE "MAGIC MOUNTAIN". NEAR ITS TOP IT IS EASY TO IMAGINE A CASTLE WITH SLENDER SPIRES AND GOLDEN TURRETS

dences, but the picture in its essence was true enough.

Shortly after I had entered the priests' house the cook appeared.

"Now all that is needed," I said, "is a bowl of rice and some Chinese vegetables. I can't wait for more, because I have to start hearing confessions right

away on account of the feast tomorrow."

After what seemed an interminably long time, he announced dinner. What was my dismay to find that he had prepared a full meal in foreign style. Hungry as I was, I couldn't attempt it. The crowning glory of the feast was a platter of doughnuts. They made a fine appearance to the eye, but inside proved to be raw dough. I surreptitiously fed them to the dog, while the cook, with a puzzled look in his eye, went back to the kitchen to fill my original order.

The afternoon passed quickly. After confessions, in the interval before supper, I sat on the veranda musing about Shak Chin. It has been said that there is much to remind one of Dickens in China. This may be true, but narrowing the field to Shak Chin, with its many excursions and alarms of recent years, one might suggest Shakespeare. Had not Birnam wood come to Dunsinane when Father Malone, not far from this very spot, put branches from a tree in his sleeves and a bush down the neck of his "saam" (Chinese gown) to evade detection from the Reds? Had not this compound been pillaged again and again? Dickens, whose heart ached when he merely decreed the death of a fictional villain, would never have chronicled the history of Shak Chin.

Suddenly I heard a voice calling: "Shan Foo, Shan Foo (Spiritual Father), some one down here wishes to see you." As I descended the stairs leading to the chapel, three toothless, wrinkled old crones came running toward me. All talked at once, rather they wailed, in high shrill cadences.

"Shades of Macbeth," I said to myself, "and the three weird sisters."

I couldn't understand a word of it and looked around for the catechist. There were a few onlookers, but he wasn't among them. At last I managed to extract a sentence from the Babel. They wanted Baptism. "Is that right?" I shouted above their cries. "Do you want Baptism?"

**CATECHISTS are a vital need for the missions. Will you—or your circle or Sodality—sponsor a native lay apostle at \$15 a month?**

FOR THAT NEW SUBSCRIBER, WE LOOK,



"Yes," they screamed with one voice and immediately fell down on their knees and began to knock their heads on the stone flags of the court. I was frightened. They might seriously injure themselves. I told them to stand up and in my excitement even assisted the nearest one to rise, at the risk of scandalizing the bystanders. The Blue Book here forbids a gentleman to assist a lady, no matter what her age, unless she be drowning or in other dire peril.

Once more on their feet, they shrilled in chorus, "We are very old. We want to be baptized before we die." One of them pointed to another and shrieked, "She's a hundred years old." The one indicated nodded her head and smiled bashfully, disclosing a single prominent yellow tooth. I looked at her and said gallantly, "I don't believe it." With that we all laughed.

They were told that at any rate they couldn't be baptized that very minute, but that I would see them on the following day after Mass. Later on the catechist spoke with them, and found that they were all quite deaf. That explained the shouting. He also discovered they were childless widows, cast off by their in-laws. They knew that the Church was charitable, and that to enter it one must be baptized. It was decided that some further knowledge of the Church's doctrine would be desirable for them. Consequently the lady catechist would instruct them. Soon Father Malone, the pastor of Shak Chin, would be returning and he could then baptize them. In the meanwhile, if they were in danger of death, the catechist could administer private Baptism.

The following morning, Pentecost Sunday, we had High Mass. The choir did surprisingly well, under the direction of the catechist. Afterwards the fateful three ambushed me at the chapel door and once more put on their act. I quickly called for the curtain, however, in the shape of the lady catechist. Later on the elders of the people came around and we discussed various local matters.

The next day I was on my way back to Siaolok and the language school, for I had not yet completed my first year

#### LIFE INSURANCE

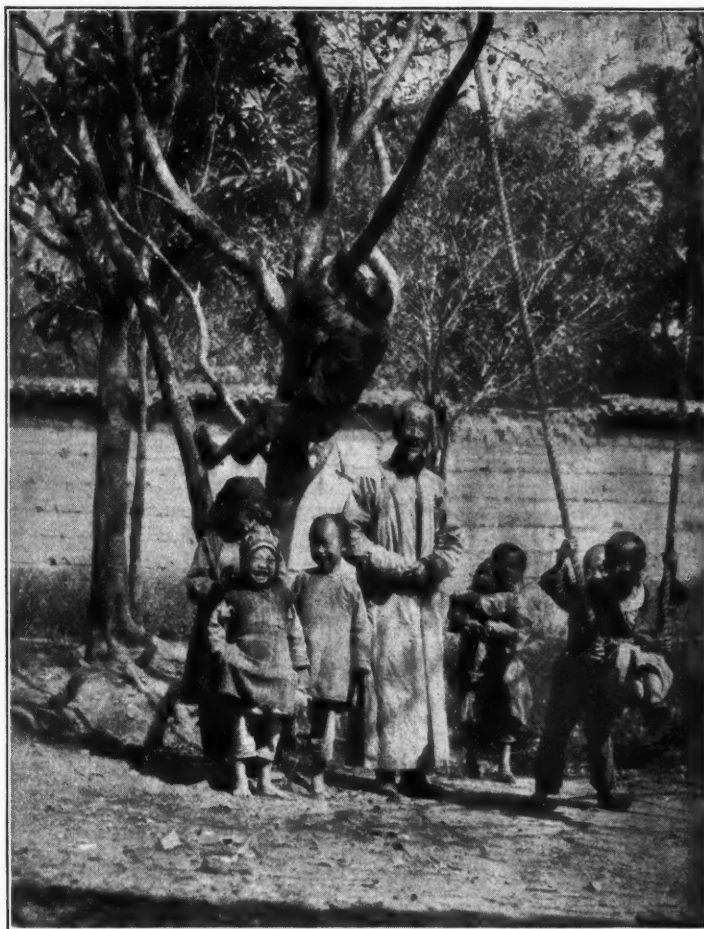
**HAVE you considered making Maryknoll the Alternate Beneficiary of your Life Insurance?**

**Others have found this a practical means of helping the missions.**

of study. The cook had fixed the bicycle and guaranteed it. He was very versatile, like so many of the Hakkas,

and I have no doubt he could do everything well—except cook. At the departure all the school children were at the gate and many Christians. They waved farewell as long as I was in sight.

It was a glorious day and I was almost persuaded that the spell of the magician had been broken. But just as I looked back for a last glance at his mountain lair, he threw a parting malediction at me, which caused the bicycle to break down. So, trundling it beside me, I departed as I had come, with a tramp of twenty-four miles to face instead of four.



"WHEN I STEPPED WITHIN THE MISSION GATE ALL WAS CHANGED AND THE MAGICIAN'S SPELL WAS BROKEN. THE COMPOUND WAS FULL OF LIFE AND CHEERY LAUGHTER"

DEAR FRIEND OF MARYKNOLL, TO YOU.

## The Lepers' Easter

By Fr. Joseph Sweeney, of New Britain, Conn., and Fr. Francis Connors, of Peabody, Mass., Maryknoll's pioneer apostles to the lepers of South China



FATHER CONNORS TALKS WITH MATILDA, A LEPER DWELLER IN ONE OF THE MARYKNOLL "CEMETERY" COLONIES, WHO GUARDS JARS OF HUMAN BONES FOR A FEW SILVER PIECES A YEAR



UR lepers are preparing for Easter. Most of them will celebrate it in the cemeteries, for our two larger colonies are located in the gravelands—the only places where the lepers may dwell. It

will be the first Easter for most of them, although some have seen seventy years pass by, and it will be the last for a good number who will soon be at rest in eternal springtime.

After a year and a half among the lepers of Bishop Walsh, of Kongmoon, South China, the number of patients under our care is mounting towards three hundred. On October 24, 1933, we started with twenty lepers. Soon many homeless, helpless and hopeless men, women and children came knocking at the gates. The bishop's leper inns were crowded, and no funds were on hand to assure support for the many newcomers. But, thanks to the generosity of friends in the United States, no guest has been hungry and no one

has been turned away. How could we turn away these poor wretches to wander, burdened with leprosy and despair, blighted in body and soul, over pagan roadways? Some were little outcasts under ten years of age, others were grandparents disowned by all relatives.

### Child Lepers—

One of the first to come was a little lad of four, a picture of health except for a few early blotches which were frankly leprous. He was a great favorite with the older lepers, who could never again see their own children; and he always ran to greet us and take our hands when we came to dress the lepers' wounds. He delighted in little jobs we gave him, such as distributing the soap or holding the hat from which the lepers drew lots for prizes. But even with the best of care and treatment leprosy began to flare up in him. Then in a sudden attack of sickness "his angel plucked him by the hair", and we laid him under a little white cross.

Other children followed; one a little

lass of eleven who had been harried from place to place until she was terrified of everybody and quivering like a hunted hare. A girl still younger somehow found our colony in the Sun Wui cemeteries after her family had put her on a boat sailing out of Hong Kong—with no return ticket. One little lady of ten years arrived linked by heavy chains to four men wearing the iron collars of criminals around their necks, all led by police and followed by a curious mob. A boy of the same age arrived one day led by good samaritans who had found him begging, and the manly little chap "checked in" as nonchalantly as a traveling salesman taking a room in a hotel. He is now a diligent student, writing pages of Chinese characters every day under the tutelage of an older leper. One child was so young that she could not tell her family name, her village, or her age.

### Grandparents—

The Maryknoll Sisters sent us a lady of seventy-three from their Old Folks' Home in Yeungkong. She was happy there until her septuagenarian companions found that her slight disfigurement spelled leprosy; and then even among the homeless she became an outcast. She is happier now among her own kin—the lepers, with whom her age gives her distinction. They all call her "grandmother", and one of the younger leper women serves as her "maid".

When we began work in the Sun Wui cemeteries we met an old woman who had lived there eighteen years. Her feet had fallen off at the ankles and her hands were almost fingerless. Her bed was a mat on the ground and her hut a few boards covered with palm leaves. At first her family used to send her enough food to sustain life, but later they forgot even this, and she had to crawl off to a neighboring road to beg from passersby. Now she is in comfort and cheer. She sits on a big chair in the shade, telling the younger women where and how to plant and weed the flowers, and her "maid" carries her pickaback to Mass every morning. We all call her *Lo Mo* (Old Mother), a very polite term in China.

Recently a white haired old boatman arrived. He had lived over three score

STRINGLESS GIFTS ARE BEST,

years on the water, after being born on a sampan. When his leprosy became apparent he had to leave his family boat and floating village and become a wandering landlubber. On his arrival in our colony he carried all his goods in a small bundle under one arm, and in the other he held a single oar. Maybe it is a keepsake to remind him of the far off song of the sea, or maybe he wishes to be buried with it.

#### A Sign of Victory—

Last summer we had one case which was of special interest. He was brought to us suffering not only from leprosy, but also from severe malaria and infections of both feet, crawling with maggots. Later he contracted meningitis. But his mental state was worse than his physical, although the latter attracted all the flies in the cemeteries and gave out a stench that kept the other lepers at a distance.

He had the foulest tongue we have ever heard here. Several times a day, when giving treatments or dressing his sores, we would say a few words on the essentials of religion which he invariably received with jeers. Anyway we tried gently to continue instruction though he seemed utterly hopeless, meantime amputating his dead feet. Then suddenly, the day before his death, he became peaceful and begged for Baptism. With childlike faith he received it, and his last words were, "God bless you, Father."

All our other leper charges who have died have received Baptism, but "Joe Gangrene", as we called him, gave us happier memories than all the rest. He seemed a sign of victory, a portent of the Hand of God in the midst of flies, smells and disease-laden heat.

#### "A Worm and No Man"—

As a naturalist may watch with pleasure the change of a caterpillar to a butterfly, we have noted joyfully throughout the year a metamorphosis in the lives of these derelicts. To a passing glance they are still lepers polluting the earth, but to those who know them many are co-workers of the Savior, filling up in their poor flesh "those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ, for His Body, which is the Church". They know what it

### THE LEPER WORK GROWS

**MARYKNOLL'S Father Joseph Sweeney and Father Francis Connors now have under their care in South China nearly 300 leper patients, for each of whom \$3.00 must be found every month to supply the bare necessities of life.**

means to have no place to lay their heads, and He Who was "a worm and no man", dragging His heavy load up the road of the Cross, has a meaning to them interpreted by their own tragic experience. He Who raised Lazarus to an eternal home has taken their hearts to His Own entirely.

We who have the happiness of sharing the joys of these lepers wish to thank all those whose co-operation has made possible the great change in our charges, and we wish to assure our co-workers across the Pacific that these lepers robed again in human dignity will gather around the Altar of the Risen Christ to remember with heartfelt gratitude their American benefactors. Our rosier dreams of a year ago did not picture it possible to find the ten cents a day or three dollars a month required to cover all the needs of each leper. In spite of the depression, a fact beyond our hopes has been realized. May the Outcast of Calvary and His Holy Mother inspire other friends in the United States to continue the support of these outcasts of China. That is our Easter prayer.

These lepers are dearer to us than life. If they are ever obliged to wander again, we will "hit the road" with them.



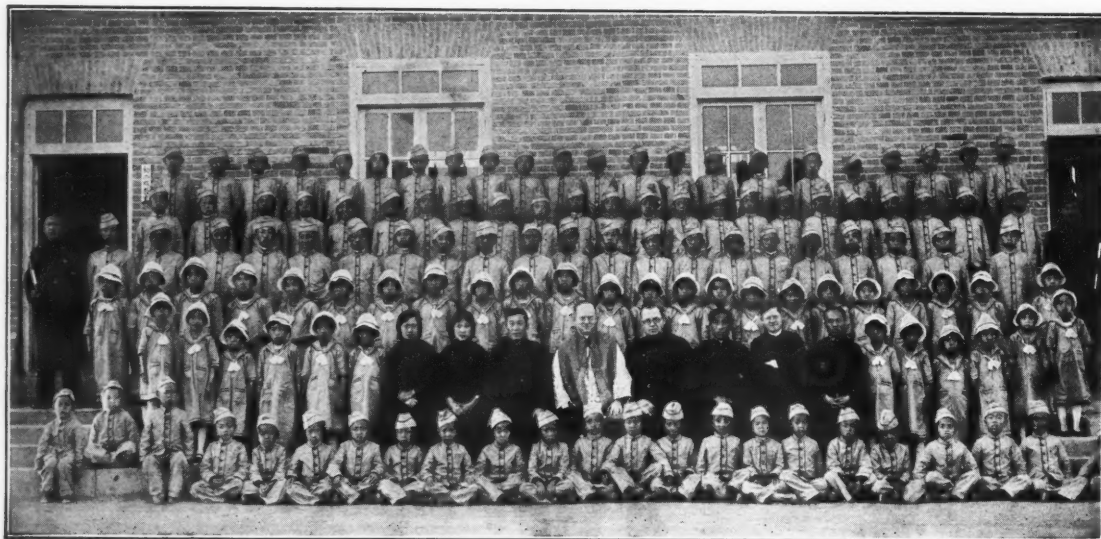
DOCTOR HARRY BLABER, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., AND TWO OF HIS LEPER FRIENDS. DR. BLABER IS UNTIRING IN HIS SERVICES TO THE LEPERS UNDER MARYKNOLL'S CARE

**THEY SERVE THE MOST URGENT NEEDS.**



## A Manchukuo Confirmation Tour

*By the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Raymond A. Lane, of Lawrence, Mass., Prefect Apostolic of Maryknoll-in-Manchukuo*



THE STUDENTS OF SACRED HEART SCHOOL IN SHAN CH'ENG TZE, MANCHUKUO, WEAR NATTY UNIFORMS AND MUCH PRESTIGE IS ADDED TO THE INSTITUTION BY "FR. P'AN'S COPS". FR. P'AN IS SEATED TO THE LEFT OF MSGR. LANE. ON THE RIGHT IS FR. ALBERT MURPHY, OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS., AND BETWEEN THE CHINESE PRIESTS IS FR. GERARD DONOVAN, OF PITTSBURGH, PA.



REPARATIONS had been completed for Confirmations at Hsing King so we, the writer and Father John O'Donnell, M. M., of New York City, boarded the early train for Nan-cha-mu, from which station we were to take the Hsing King bus.

We reached Nan-cha-mu in an hour or so. In the excitement of landing Father O'Donnell got separated from his bag. The stationmaster phoned to the station ahead and the bag was delivered on the down train before our bus started for Hsing King—score one in favor of our Manchukuo train service.

### Hsing King Activities—

At Hsing King we were greeted by Father Gerard Donovan, M.M., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the pastor. When we got within sight of the mission we were saluted with a sonorous, if unharmonious, blast of the school band. They blew their best, and it was good in "quantity". After a rest of a few minutes we

had the usual visitation ceremony, and then I spoke to the Christians and gave Benediction.

The following day we visited the primary school, the prayer school, the old men's home, and the women's section of the compound. The primary school is going well. We hope to develop it, and have applied for government recognition.

The old men's home was interesting, as always. There are sixteen of them, led by old Wang who acts as prefect.

Wang is a character. Almost six feet tall, he is still erect, though he is eighty-three years of age. Up until last year he could kick higher than his head. We gave Wang a donation for a special meal for the sixteen worthies, and enough for a month's tobacco as well.

Before we left Father Donovan pointed out another athletic looking old fellow, with a placid eye like that of a contented cow. He was formerly official executioner at Tung Hua. You never can tell! Here's hoping he will soon be baptized and ready for his own end, which promises to be less precipitate than that of his victims.

Later we paid a visit to Father Donovan's preaching hall on Hsing King's Main Street. It is conducted in a unique way. A barber plies his shears in one section, while the catechist talks to the customers on matters of doctrine. A native doctor is likewise in attendance, as an added attraction.

### Confirmations—

On Sunday we had a Solemn Mass, not many of which have been seen at Hsing King. Fathers Donovan and

### Renew On Time!

POSTAGE rates are high, and are wiping out our margin of profit.

A substantial increase would be registered if each of our subscribers would renew on time, or fine himself (or herself) if dilatory.

CAN YOU LEAVE ALL FOR CHRIST?



O'Donnell were the ministers and Maryknoll's Father Weiss, of Milwaukee, Wis., conducted the choir. I preached on the Holy Spirit. At two in the afternoon I confirmed seventy-two. Our Christians here place great emphasis on the Sacrament of Confirmation, much more, it seems to us, than our people at home. There is great joy when they pass the catechism test, and great desolation if they fail.

Although we left early the next morning a number of Christians were on hand, and the band was in fine shape. We reached Nan-cha-mu at noon and until 3:30 used the station benches for a "siesta", or rather for a bout with the flies.

#### Sacred Heart School—

At six o'clock we reached Shan Ch'eng Tze and were met at the railroad station by Father Albert Murphy, M.M., of Springfield, Mass., the pastor. We drove in state in droshkies to the mission, where we received the surprise of our lives.

After greeting at the gate Father Anthony Pan, the assistant, one of our Chinese priests, and Father John Comber, M.M., of Lawrence, Mass., pastor of Eul-pa-tan, we turned to see 130 school children drawn up in single file from the gate to the residence. All, boys and girls, stood at attention and saluted. The boys, in their gray suits with red trimming and over-seas caps, and the girls in sailor suits, navy blue with red trimming, and white sailor hats, made a fine appearance. The red is for Sacred Heart School, the name of the institution, which is considered the best primary school in the city. The students purchase their own uniforms, which cost about \$1.00 American money.

I was asked to don my robes and to address the assembled students, which I did. They entertained us with a very creditable performance, and then we all posed for a picture.

I had noticed two individuals in black uniforms trimmed with red braid, over-seas caps of the same materials, and carrying what looked like a musician's baton. The pastor explained that they were Fr. Pan's idea—the janitor of the school and the general all around handy man. I dubbed them "Pan's cops", and

#### A STRINGLESS shoe can halt your walk, but a *Stringless Gift* makes Maryknoll go.

the name continues. When they first appeared on the street or at the railroad station people made way for them, not knowing what the uniform signified, even the police and soldiers treated them with special respect.

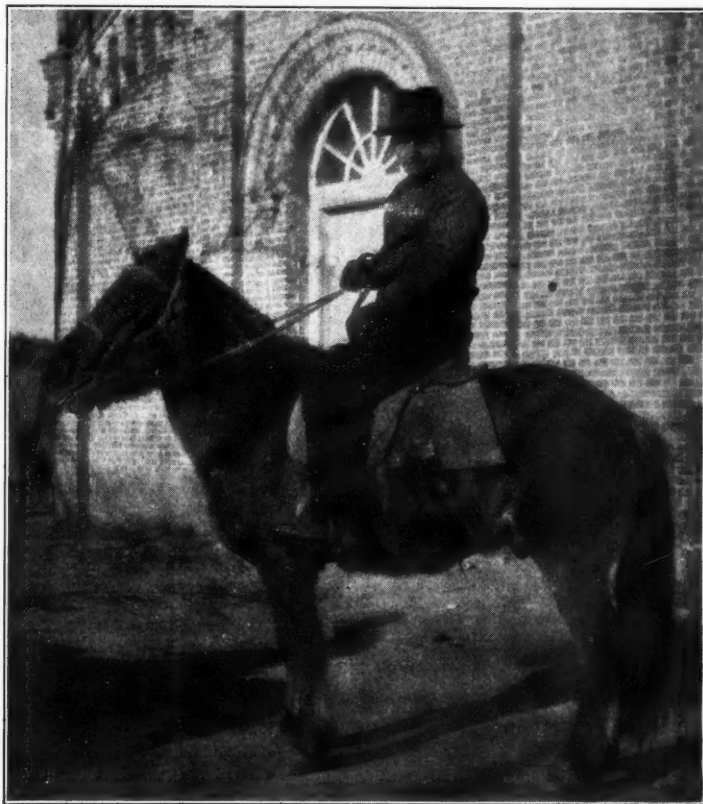
The two men and the two women teachers were introduced. Only one of the four is a Christian. We have great need here of a Catholic normal school. The teachers, however, are devoted to the best welfare of the school, and in the meantime they are becoming familiar with Catholic teaching and practice. Sacred Heart School has been a success so far, and bids fair to attract

outsiders to the Church.

#### Shan Ch'eng Tze Projects—

The following day was spent in looking over the property and talking over plans. The mission can stand much building. The school, with only two classrooms (20' x 20'), contains seventy youngsters in one, sixty in the other. The chapel is entirely too small, and there is little or no room for catechumens.

The educational work is fine, as far as it goes, but it is only one phase of mission activity. There are some forty catechumens registered at Shan Ch'eng Tze, but there should be many more. We have had a resident priest at this mission for only a year and a half. One more year should make a big difference.

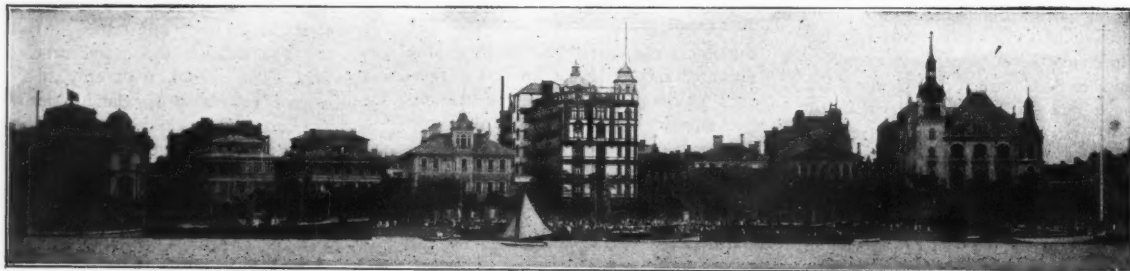


IN FRONT OF THE HSING KING MISSION CHURCH

Fr. Alonso Escalante, a Maryknoller from New York City and born in Mexico, is all set for a visitation of out-stations. His Manchu mount has rather a wicked eye

CAN YOU LEAVE YOURSELF?

## The Purser Finds a Way Out



THE HARBOR FRONT OF SHANGHAI

*In this great metropolis Mr. Lo Pa Hong, China's "St. Vincent de Paul", has built a hospital for the mentally afflicted where Maryknoll Sisters are now laboring*



**W**HEN yet treading the boards of the stage of life in silk stockings I was a firm-minded, if not keen-witted, buyer. An intra-salesgirl-customer ritual in which I took part invariably included the formula "Yes, and send it." It filled my soul with horror to see otherwise respectable matrons staggering out of department stores laden with weighty investments, young women of otherwise unblemished character hurrying, fraught with purpose and purchases, to receptive taxis. And at this point there comes to me a wistful memory of my mother. She used to say, with a reminiscent twinkle for her past and a touch of tenderness for my future, "Do you know, I've never said I would not do a thing that I haven't, in time, done just that thing."

In time. Into the present came THE FIELD AFAR, then a trip to Bethany House for a rest, then application papers for entrance into an American Sisterhood for Foreign Missions. Into the past went silk stockings, independent purchasing, and, following them, with a few backward glances, the idea that there was anything which I could not, on occasion, do.

When an assignment to the missions was finally in order so, thought I, were my ancient prejudices. They had been conscripted and marshalled into bat-talions and made to watch me parade, ingloriously, like the poor relative of a beautifully habited Community, in pos-

tulant's clothes. They had learned not to take exception at the military tactics of the Novitiate. They had later watched, and even with contentment, their Professed Sister invade the fruit, vegetable and Five and Ten citadels of Ossining, and come away cradling armfuls of beets, berries, bananas, boxes and bloaters.

With this wealth of past practice I set foot on Chinese soil at Shanghai en route to Hong Kong, from whence I was destined to start for "the country" and my new mission. In the face of one event which overtook me there all other incidents are obliterated.

### A Privilege Offered

**TO share in the conversion of the world to Christ is regarded as a duty by the consistent Catholic. How to co-operate is a question that can have many answers—ranging from the gift of self down to the smallest service.**

**Few can give their lives to the Cause. Many can supply a substitute; and this is the privilege which Maryknoll offers when we call for Sponsors.**

Our stay in Shanghai had been pleasant. Ever since leaving Seattle we had been starving for Mass, so we tried to satisfy ourselves by hearing five; then one of our trio had a delightful reunion with a long lost cousin which we all shared over an elaborate tiffin; then we did some errands, delivered some messages, and found some new and very kind friends. Our final task was to make a flying pause at the house of a friend of our Superior-To-Be, in order to relay a gift from the friend to our Sister.

The gift was produced in the most normal manner possible, with smiles which indicated and anticipated delight and, since I suddenly found myself in the vanguard of our company with my treacherous Sisters religiously receding into the background, I stretched out automatic arms and took it to myself. The distortion of my face and the distention of my eyes passed unnoticed in the departure mêlée. Some one did remark that I looked very cold, some one else, that I seemed very hot. As a matter of fact I was not. I was suffering from shock.

We got out into the street somehow and into the cab provided for us. The hour was such that Number One of my Sisters kept hearing boat whistles. Number Two lay back in comfortable convulsions in her corner. "You looked so funny! You still look so funny! I never saw anything so funny! If you had any idea how funny—"

I looked down at "the gift" in de-

spair. Through the wide meshes of a capacious bag plump pink-and-whiteness gleamed blatantly, distressed eyes and working mouths were in undisguised and hideous evidence. I listened to it in anguish. It spoke with the tongues of bagpipe, flute, buzz saw and calliope, for my "gift" was composed of two typical and terrible porkers, lusty with youth and untouched by training. And I was their guardian.

Said Sister Number One: "It isn't as though you had to carry them down Broadway. It's different here. In China people carry everything, furniture, brides, babies." A little later: "And pigs are quite an ordinary gift. Everybody gives pigs to everybody else, if they are lucky enough to have them. But I wonder what you'll do with them."

What was I going to do with them! How had I come to be the only surviving relative of these two vociferous orphans!

When we arrived at the jetty every one else was there ahead of us, and watched our picturesque and musical approach. Tottering along in the wake of my tittering Sisters I managed to hide my shame, but could not silence it. A moment more would have seen me safely aboard the tender, but a stump of the toe evoked a whole gamut of indignant and terrified protests from my wards and, simultaneously, a smiling Oriental face came between me and my human screen.

"Pigee, Missee? No can. Ship no likee. Melicans no likee."

"But they're a gift. I have to."

"No can. Pigee topside ship—no go. Solly, Missee."

From all sides looks of amazement and amusement beat mercilessly on my face. I wilted. "Get some one," I muttered. And my Sisters dived aboard the tender and returned with a non-plused but English speaking officer. When he saw the pigs he stopped, looked and listened and then began to tug meditatively at his ear.

"I'm likely to get into trouble if I let you on with those, Sister. Besides . . ."

The whistle was blowing. And, since there was no time to dismiss the pigs, the decision was given.

"All right, Sister, bring your pigs along, but you'll have to keep 'em with the baggage. I'll have to see the Purser about this."

Their advent on the steamship was typically uproarious. The politest passengers broke down openly and enjoyed themselves and me and my pigs. Finally "Sister's pigs" were sent for and taken below. Their high pitched and far-flung carolling grew fainter and fainter.

Very soon the Purser was touching my arm. "Sister," said he, "about your pigs, I'm afraid you'll have to pay passage for them."

"Passage!" Missioners don't usually go to the Orient with pig funds in their pocket.

"Well, call it express charges, then."

"I can't do it," I admitted, "we're just making Hong Kong on what we have." He seemed undisturbed. "You wouldn't throw them overboard? They'd never make land. They're only little pigs . . ."

"I know that this seems hard, but we can't let sentiment interfere with the discipline of the ship."

"Well, they're here and I can't pay for them and they can't swim back to Shanghai, so I don't know what we're going to do about it. Do you?"

"I know a way out," said he, "if you will entrust your pigs to me."

I entrusted them.

The next day I remained enough of a notable to gain undesired and undeserved attention on entering the dining room. I tried to distract myself by studied devotion to the menu.

Sister Number One leaned towards me and spoke in a palpitating whisper, "Look—menu—about halfway down."

I looked. A significant item looked back at me. "Roast suckling pig with apple sauce."

Thus had the Purser found his way out, and my little pigs had gone wee! wee! wee! all the way home to pig haven.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

##### **Psychic Phenomena of Jamaica—**

By Joseph J. Williams, S.J., Ph.D. Described by one critic as, "A fine study, interesting, instructive, sober and scientific". Published by The Dial Press, 152 West Thirteenth Street, New York, N.Y. Price \$2.50.

##### **The Happy King—**

By Edward Lodge Curran. Published by the International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. Price ten cents.



*Fides Photo*

THE RT. REV. MSGR. AURELIUS SIGNORA, OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF VENICE, IS THE NEW GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE PONTIFICAL ASSOCIATION OF ST. PETER THE APOSTLE FOR THE NATIVE CLERGY. HE SUCCEEDED IN ROME ARCHBISHOP MARIO ZANIN, NOW APOSTOLIC DELEGATE AT PEIPING, CHINA

**CALLS FOR \$1 A DAY.**

## THE FIELD AFAR

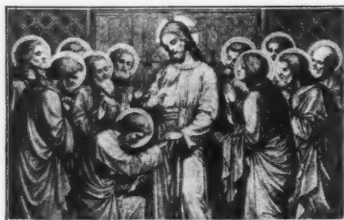
Published by Ecclesiastical Authority.  
Founded in 1907. Appears monthly  
(except August).

Owned by the  
Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.  
Advertising rates sent on application.

Make all checks and money orders payable to  
**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS**  
Maryknoll, N. Y.

Single subscription.....\$1.00 a year  
(ten or more copies to one address,  
at the rate of eighty cents a year).  
Six years' subscription.....\$5.00  
Subscription for life.....\$50.00  
(Membership in the Society is included  
with all subscriptions.)

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



*My Lord, and my God!*

**PAX CHRISTI.** May He Who is the Resurrection and the Life give to all hearts the fullness of Easter joy—the foretaste of a blessed eternity.

**This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice therein.**

**A LLELUIA,** Christ is risen!

It is a glorious thought that we who commemorate the event are in a position to make possible the rising of the Spirit of Christ over this earth.

In other words, it is in the power of every Catholic, man, woman or child, to extend the Kingdom of Christ. The opportunity is ours; the moment is present.

✠

**WE** have watched Michael Williams pioneer with the Calvert Associates and their "*Common-*

### Looking Ahead

**YOU**, friend, who happen to have more than a thousand dollars to leave after you when you pass on: money is good, but it is often the occasion of strife and scandal.

Why not execute your own will, and avoid all trouble?

Maryknoll has been handling *Annuities* for nearly twenty-five years with marked success and complete satisfaction to the annuitants. A reasonable life income is assured—and, if desired, special arrangement can be made for a surviving dependent.

*weal*" from the first hour, and we were happy to have a Maryknoll representation present at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York when he received the St. Bonaventure Medal for Catholic Action. May the Lord continue to give him courage and acumen to be "a good soldier of Jesus Christ", as the medal reads, a real doer of the Word in a manner which brings honor to the Church.

As was to be expected from a man of broad vision, Dr. Williams praised most generously his collaborators of the "*Commonweal*" who have worked diligently behind stage while he played his excellent part before the public. This is as it should be.

**If you be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above.**

**TWO** more Maryknollers make their bows as authors, Bernard F. Meyer (our new Monsignor) and Theodore F. Wempe (our

Brother Francis). Their creature is "*The Student's Cantonese-English Dictionary*", advertised as concise, yet totalling almost 850 pages. It is published by the St. Louis Industrial School Printing Press of Hong Kong.

We dare not pose as judges of works in such a field, but we find laudatory words in reviews from the Far East. Father Finn, an Irish Jesuit of Hong Kong, sings its praises in "*The Rock*" and tells us that South China is the richer by this addition of a "Maryknoll dictionary".

We feel very proud of our linguistic confrères.

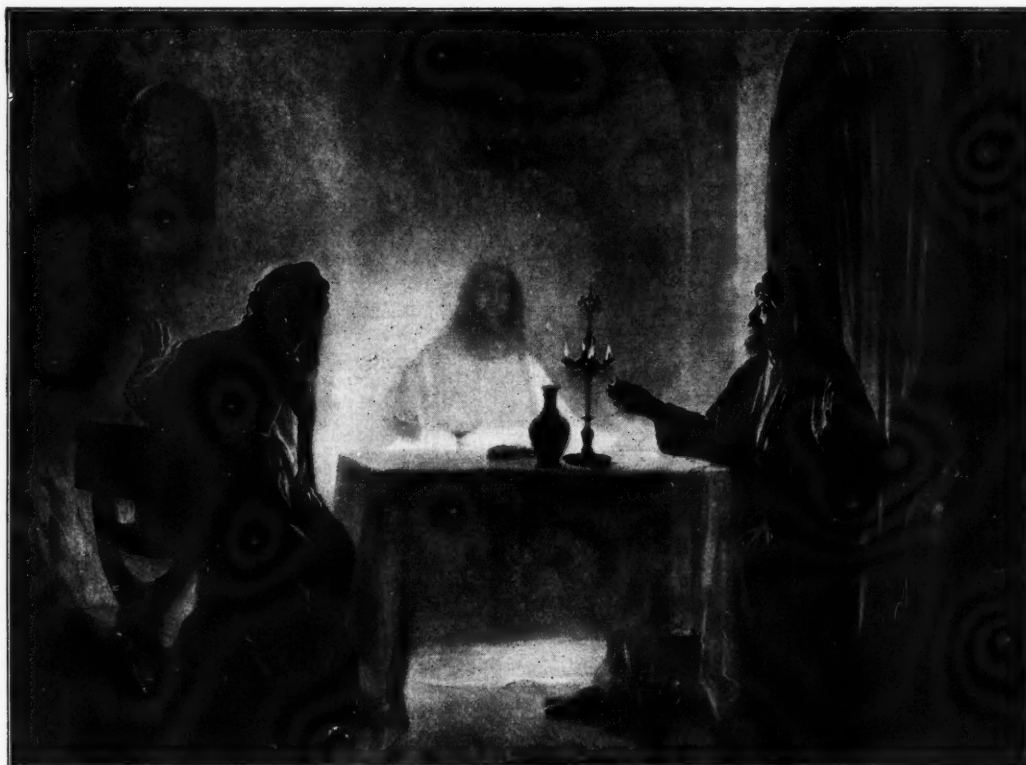
**Christ rising again from the dead, dieth now no more, alleluia.**

**THERE** is now a tidy quarter of a million Catholics in the Japanese Empire (250,747 to be precise), a little more than enough to make another Archdiocese of Cincinnati, which counts 234,000 faithful. Some two-fifths of the quarter million are in Japan proper, while most of the remaining three-fifths are on the nearby peninsula of Korea.

Northeast in the peninsula is Maryknoll's Peng Yang, in a region where our missionary predecessors through lack of man-power were unable to do extensive work. We feel a little glow of pride in our Peng Yang these days, as we come upon the words of Rome's Mission Press Bureau, *Fides Service*, which have just reached us over the Atlantic.

"The Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea", reads this report for 1934, "staffed by the American Maryknoll missionaries, stands first among all the missions of the Japanese Empire in the number of adult Baptisms, in the net increase of Catholics and in the average of adult Baptisms per missionary. The Catholic body of Peng Yang grew from 11,192 to 13,063 during this period, an increase of 1,871, while the number of adult Baptisms—1,517—represents an





THE SUPPER AT EMMAUS

*"And it came to pass, while He was at table with them, He took bread, and blessed, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew Him."—St. Luke 24, 30-31*

average of 52.3 per missionary." Congratulations to our Peng Yangers!

**Christ is risen, Who created all things, and had compassion upon the human race.**

MUCH ink has been spilt on the spilling of blood in China, but often the bright events which speak of happy triumphs go unheralded. You would not despair, would you, if you found that in a city in the heart of China, six hundred miles from the sea, thousands of Catholics could gather, with fourteen bishops, with full approval and assistance of the civil authorities, and conduct a Eucharistic procession through the public streets?

Such was actually the case a short while ago at Hankow, when Bishop O'Gara, the American Passionist, was consecrated. The Delegate of the Holy See journeyed from Peking, about as distant from Hankow as New York is from Chicago. A great Catholic Action Week was held, and most of the bishops of the Central Yangtze Valley participated.

Christ can journey safely through the streets not only of

Hankow, but of many other cities in China.

We are happy to feel that Maryknoll was present at these great events in the person of Father Frederick Dietz, once of Oberlin, Ohio, who outlined in an address to the many gathered leaders the plan of the Synodal Commission in Peking to provide a Catholic News Service for the use of publications throughout China.

The Church is pushing on in China, in a way seldom if ever before so satisfying. These Hankow days are eloquent evidence of it.

#### BLESSED PETER CHANEL and MARYKNOLL

He was not a member of the Maryknoll Society, nor did he labor in any Maryknoll mission. But he gave his life for the cause for which all missionaries labor, and Maryknoll is glad to spread his inspiring story.

*See page 128*

**All you that have been baptized in Christ, have put on Christ, alleluia.**

FOR AT LEAST ONE DAY THIS YEAR.

# How A Miracle of Grace

By Fr. Joseph W. Regan, of Fairhaven, Mass., editor of



"BRIGHT GLORY" COULD NOT EVEN WRITE HIS OWN NAME



SHORT time ago we had the privilege of baptizing sixty-five people in the village of "Crocodile Mouth", in the civil prefecture of Kong C'heng, fifteen miles north of "Muddy Rice Fields". Besides being the largest group of Baptisms we have had at one time, it marked the introduction of Christianity into a new prefecture of Kwangsi, where the Faith had never been preached. Saying Mass in a place where Mass has never been said before always gives the missionary a thrill, so we shall tell you how the Faith came to the village of "Crocodile Mouth". We call it a miracle of grace. You may form your own opinion concerning it after you hear our story.

## Bright Glory—

Four or five years ago there came to the mission of "Muddy Rice Fields" an old Catholic who was in very straightened circumstances. He had no home, no food, no money, and as usually happens in such cases he turned to the charity of the Church for aid. The French missionary who was stationed here thought he might as well get some return for the assistance, so he agreed to give the old fellow twenty dollars a year to be a sort of propaganda man going around the country "talking up the Church".

Bright Glory, for such was the old man's name, did not know any characters. He could not even write his own name and his knowledge of doctrine was very vague and often erroneous. However, he seemed to be proud of the fact that he was working for the Church, and every once in a while he would go off into the mountains and bring some prospect in to see the priest; more often than not, some one who would be glad to join the Church if the priest could arrange to let him have the

# ac Came to "Crocodile Mouth"

ass, owner of the Maryknoll Wuchow field, South China

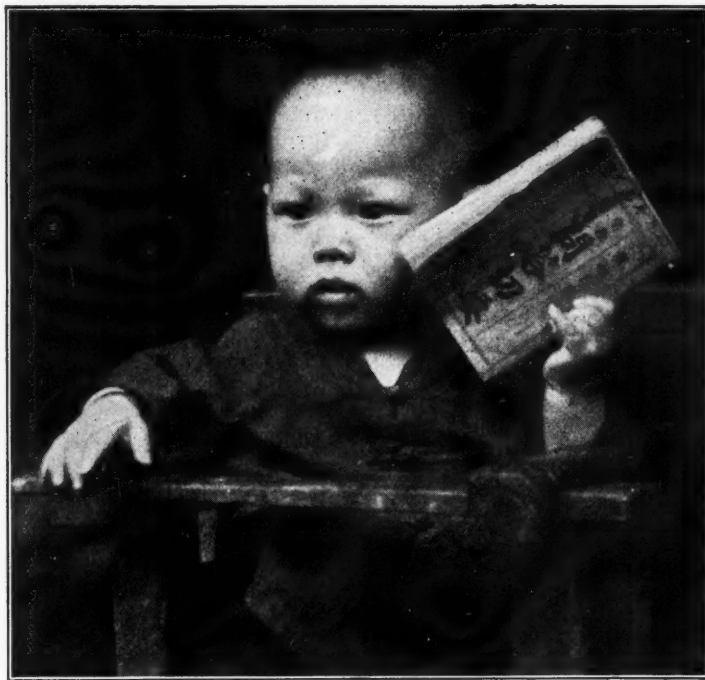
loan of several tens of dollars, a loan in such circumstances meaning that the money was being given out without any hope of its return. But the priest was patient and kind, so occasionally a few persevered to Baptism, and after some years Bright Glory could point to several scores of new Catholics as his converts.

## The Old Man as Apostle—

Two years ago, when Maryknoll took over this section of Kwangsi from the Paris Foreign Mission Society, we came here to find the old man as one of our two catechists—that is if you use the term catechist in a broad sense, in a very broad sense. For the first year we had all we could do to learn the language, but after a year, when we could say a few words, we sent for the old man and told him that he had been warming his toes by the fire long enough, and that if he wanted to get a salary from the Church, he had better get busy and do some work. By that time his salary had been raised to eight dollars a month, so he naturally felt himself to be a person of some promise.

To be honest, in view of his limited ability, we did not expect him to do very much, so we were rather surprised a month later to see him bring in three youths whom he said were from a small village to the north of us, the village of "Crocodile Mouth". The young men invited us to go out to visit them, but we were busy then, so we sent the old man back to preach a little doctrine to the people of the village. After ten or twelve days he returned and said the people in the village wanted to come into the Church, and they asked us to go out and hang up the Christian tablets in their homes. We sent out the old man, our school teacher, and the house boy, and hung up the tablets in seven families.

A few weeks later we went out ourselves to visit the village and were pleased at their good will



THIS LITTLE ONE OF "CROCODILE MOUTH", NOW A CHRISTIAN, GIVES PROMISE OF SOME DAY KNOWING MORE CHARACTERS THAN THE OLD MAN WHO BROUGHT HIS VILLAGE INTO THE FAITH

and hospitality. Many of the men in the village were very well educated. They spoke the literary language, not one word of which, with our one year of mandarin study, did we understand. All we could do was smile, so we smiled for two days and then came home.

## Sixty-five New Catholics—

The next few feast days saw representatives from the village of "Crocodile Mouth" at Mass, and in the meantime we had made a few more visits to the village, not being able to say much at any of the visits. The people seemed to be in earnest, so we sent two native nuns and a school teacher out to instruct them. And then, after they had studied the doctrine for four months and we had examined them, we had the happiness of baptizing sixty-five new Catholics.

They have been baptized more than two months now. They seem

to be very fervent and receive the Sacraments frequently, and at the present time we have upward of twenty more catechumens in the village who are studying for Baptism. We have forty or fifty present at prayers every morning and night, all of the people on Sundays, and they all say that everything is a hundred per cent better in every way since they came into the Church.

## God's Instruments—

We call it a miracle of grace. In the first place because so many educated people were brought into the Church by a man who could not even write his own name nor explain the doctrine properly; secondly because we ourselves did not know enough of the Chinese language even to converse on ordinary subjects with them. Truly does God use "the weak things of the world to confound the strong". Now that He has given us an

opening into a new district, may He lead many more villages to follow "Crocodile Mouth" into the Church.

"Without His grace we can do nothing." We ask your prayers that He shower many graces upon us, that we may win souls from the darkness of paganism to the light of Faith!

### Noted Here and There

**W**HEN is a vestment an investment? When it is bought from the workshop of the Maryknoll Sisters at Hong Kong. In this case you not only secure a good article, but you likewise share in a mission effort of singular efficacy.

The pagan Chinese women employed in the workshop receive instruction in doctrine as they bend over their needles, and thus with every stitch they actually weave a double pattern, for, simultaneously with the flowery figures that gradually spread over the vestments under their nimble fingers, there is slowly unfolding a design more beautiful still in their responsive souls. In this way twenty of them have already sewed themselves into the Faith.

Even before you purchased them, therefore, these graceful garments were well started on their career of giving glory to God.

Dr. Blaber's work in the Maryknoll Kongmoon Mission of South China has recently caught the attention of several benefactors, one of whom writes:

Enclosed is a check for ten dollars, to help out with the Maryknoll Medical Missions. While this is going it a bit steep under present business conditions, still what are business gyrations or sheriff dodging compared to Dr. Blaber's work? When I feel blue or somebody knocks out a window or a roof springs a leak, I shall think of Dr. Blaber and get some fun out of my troubles.

Another friend and admirer of our Brooklyn "medicine man" wrote:

Having read in the last FIELD AFAR how much further good Dr. Blaber could accomplish in his ministrations to the poor lepers if he possessed a motorcycle, I made up my mind to help towards this fund, and I am sending fifty dollars, in honor of the Sacred Heart.

We note from a recent report that the *Catholic Medical Mission Board* is wisely stressing the gathering of simple supplies for shipment to the missions. It keeps its attention on the "small dealer" in things medical in fields afar, the individual missionary who without great medical training,



ON THE WAY TO "CROCODILE MOUTH"

*While Dobbin plods along the missionary protects himself as best he can from the torrid sun. In front of him a Chinese "taams" the baggage*

with few friends, and with limited time, gives himself as best he can to dispensary work.

There is a vast field in mission lands for professional medical activities and for modern hospital work, but vaster still are the pos-

**GOD will not permit Himself to be outdone in generosity. Send a "Stringless" Gift to Maryknoll, and God will do His share.**

**HE WHO HELPS AN APOSTLE**

sibilities for small-scale relief work by priests and Sisters scattered through thousands of stations and in contact with millions, who thus are able to disseminate among the lowly the Christly lessons of charity.

A friend in New York City writes:

Do you ever arrange to send, upon request, Spiritual Bouquet Cards to friends who have lost a member of their family?

For the information of this benefactor and others who may be interested we are pleased to state that Maryknoll has Mass cards for spiritual bouquets, and frequently takes care of such requests. Mass intentions are particularly welcome now that the number of our priests is almost two hundred, and we can care for them without delay.

### A Memorial Chapel to Father Bridge

**MARYKNOLL-IN-MAN-CHUKUO** plans a Memorial Chapel to Father Frank Bridge.

While a new grave in the God's Acre at the Maryknoll Centre holds his mortal remains, Hsingking holds the treasures of his brief mission life of zeal; it is fitting that a church rise in their midst.

Father Frank went to Hsingking and found it barren. Under him it blossomed. And though the earth has drawn its blanket over his frame, Heaven has not yet ceased to garner from the Hsingking countryside the fruits of his zeal.

Hsingking converts of the past year, spoils, says Father Donovan who succeeded Father Bridge, of the valiant struggle of Father Frank against his own illness and his people's refractoriness, were 54. We hope the little Church of St. Francis Xavier will rise quickly, and prove a fitting witness to this Maryknoll pioneer whom God called young.



## Along The Maryknoll Trail



THE NEW CONCRETE PIER BUILT BY MARYKNOLL'S FR. ROBERT J. CAIRNS, OF WORCESTER, MASS., IN FRONT OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S MEMORIAL SHRINE AT SANCIAN ISLAND, SOUTH CHINA

### A Glorious Easter at Sancian Island

CHRISTIANS are few on the Island off South China's coast where St. Francis Xavier died, but the Maryknoll pastor, Father Robert Cairns, of Worcester,

Mass., and before that of Scotland, is ingenuity itself in the preparation of a fitting observance of the great Church feasts. After the Holy Week and Easter ceremonies of last year he wrote:

Our few "Chinkids" from the school



FR. WILLIAM SCHULZ, M.M., OF NEW YORK CITY, GETS ACQUAINTED WITH THE CATHOLICS OF SAN TUNG IN THE MARYKNOLL WUCHOW FIELD, SOUTH CHINA. WHEN THE PICTURE WAS TAKEN FR. SCHULZ WAS SINGING "OLD BLACK JOE" FOR THE ADMIRING THROG

BECOMES AN APOSTLE.

had been trained for the ceremony of Holy Thursday, and we had a white candle ready for each of the thirty chubby right hands. The twenty-nine boys and one girl were to march in Procession with the Blessed Sacrament from here to the Shrine of Saint Francis Xavier, where hours of work had produced a Repository on a table, and though the Repository-on-the-table would perhaps not have won great commendation from *Liturgical Arts*, yet it was as well done as could be with available materials. The Tabernacle was veiled in silk, clean linen cloths hid the table, and the whole was banked with flowers including roses from our blooming garden. It was a beautiful Repository!

But the North Wind came Holy Thursday and blew so strong, with pelting rain and roaring waves, that it was impossible to have the outdoor Procession. Not only that, but most of the expected congregation did not show up, for there were only thirteen schoolboys, the one lone schoolgirl, one faithful man and *Moxie* and his family. So we hurriedly made a Repository at the side altar of the Sacred Heart, used paper flowers, makeshift vases and candlesticks (for all had been prepared at Xavier's Shrine), and carried on. Instead of men canopy-bearers we had boys. Wrinkled Old Lam, whose surname means *forest*, was the lone tree as he held aloft the purple-veiled Tree of the Cross at the head of the Procession. He was followed by the few people, each bearing a flaming candle, and finally came the acolytes, the censer-bearers, the canopy, and Our Divine Lord Himself in the Hidden Sacred Host. The ceremonies were just as pleasing to Our Lord, I hope, as were those at Notre Dame in Paris. When typhoons blow it is a brave boy who stirs from his *wee clay hoose*.

Later we sent to Xavier's Shrine for the vases, flowers, and candlesticks and adorned our Repository more ornately; then all of us took turns in Adoration of our God of Love in the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Good Friday brought better weather, only a drizzling rain and not so strong a wind; we had about thirty for the Procession and the Mass of the Pre-sanctified. At noon the Pastor led his



FR. LEO STEINBACH, M.M., OF CHARITON, IA., TWO MARYKNOLL SISTERS, AND THE INMATES OF A NEW HOSPICE WHICH HAS BEEN RECENTLY OPENED AT PENG YANG IN THE MARYKNOLL KOREAN FIELD

few faithful along the *Via Crucis*, stopping at each Station for a Chinese meditation and prayer.

Holy Saturday was still biting cold and windy. We had half-an-hour's delay in making the new fire from the flint and steel, but, with the Chinese patience which we seem to have acquired, we finally succeeded. The forty-

two onlookers saw the triple-candle being lighted, and genuflected at the singing of the words: "*Lumen Christi, Deo Gratias*". Forty-two onlookers saw the blessing of the Paschal Candle, with its Cross inlaid by five grains of incense. Forty-two patient listeners heard the long prophecies read, the Litany sung, and the Mass celebrated.



FR. JAMES O'DONNELL, M.M., OF PHILADELPHIA, PA., AND FUTURE PRIESTS OF THE MARYKNOLL PREPARATORY SEMINARY AT KAYING, SOUTH CHINA. THE LAD IN THE CENTER IS SURE THAT BABY BROTHER WILL ALSO BECOME AN APOSTLE TO THOSE OF HIS OWN RACE

Easter Sunday, despite the cold wind and rain, there were exactly fifty-six men and boys and thirty-four women and girls, a total of eighty at High Mass, and sixteen of these received Holy Communion. The four altar boys in white served High Mass like old timers.

### The Tung Shec Announcer

RECENT happenings in Tung Shec village, a mission of the Maryknoll Kaying field in South China, are recorded as follows by its pastor, Father Thomas R. Donovan, of Pittsburgh, Pa.:

Sacred Heart parish in Tung Shec is not yet prosperous enough to support a monthly bulletin or newspaper, but we can point with pride to our page. Last month the catechist forgot to announce the First Friday, and we sent the house-boy around to tell the folks. On Thursday afternoon, instead of ringing the bell to call the people to confession, he stood out in front of the compound and shouted at the top of his lungs. We are now designing a suit for the announcer.

Thirty years or so ago, a local lad left home to see the world and get an education. Recently he returned to see his aged parents, and he also paid the priest a visit. He has studied in several European universities, and is now returning to the University of Paris to lecture on Chinese Classics.

The learned man's visit to me inspired the visit of the teachers from the middle school near Tung Shec, and that group left with a large assortment of Catholic literature, after the catechist had explained some of the Church's doctrine to them.

My Sunday after-dinner nap was disturbed recently by loud talking. It sounded like a real old-fashioned scrap, but on investigation we found that the catechist and a visiting young doctor were talking about religion. This catechist is an energetic young fellow and loses no opportunity to talk religion to non-baptized visitors.

Several new families have moved into the parish this past year, and we are about to call in the carpenter to make more benches for the chapel. One family is from Hong Kong and another

from Singapore; they have introduced foreign clothes, and their children have toys. Who knows, we may have a modern village here some day.

The houseboy is in a sulk lately, since we told him to wash the church windows. A blind man on a galloping horse might let it pass, but I thought a half an hour was not sufficient time in which to do the job right. The windows got a second washing; and this time it took three full days to complete the task. Then we bought the boy a new pair of shoes to show that we still loved him.

### Thoughts on Market Day

FOREIGN missionaries, like other humans, have their daydreams. Father Thomas Gilleran, once of Framingham, Mass., and now a missionary in the Maryknoll Wuchow field of South China, describes as follows a reverie in which he is still plainly preoccupied with his "Father's business":

Often as we walk along a familiar road, and have none of the distractions of new scenery to divert our minds, we fall to musing. Our feet move on in regular rhythm, but our thoughts are off the road in another direction. This was my state of mind the other day as I was returning from a Taai Yung Village sick call. The road was one continual stream of farmers going to the nearby market.

Some were strong of body, and full-faced. They carried heavy loads of vegetables and other things to sell. Others were lean and had a drawn look, the result of hard work and undernourishment. They too carried what they could. A few spoke, and the remainder still looked with open mouth at the foreigner. Of the ones that spoke some said, "God bless you, Father". They were Christians. The others asked, "Where are you coming from so early?" They were friendly and inquisitive.

As we passed along, and they still came, I started to compare the number of Christians in our valley mission to the actual number of inhabitants. On market day one sees people that one never saw before, and it was this reason together with the fact that so few spoke which made me realize that

**DOES your future still hang in the balance? Decide this spring. Ask God if He wants you for the foreign mission apostolate.**

a thousand Christians is a good number, but not the whole district by any means. I looked forward to the day when Sunday would find this same market crowd going the other way, to attend Mass at the Catholic Mission. Perhaps it will not come for many



SOUTH CHINA NOW HAS SUPERIOR ATTRACTIONS TO ST. LOUIS, MO., IN THE EYES OF FR. OTTO RAUSCHENBACH, M.M. HE CAME BACK TO THE UNITED STATES LAST YEAR FOR HIS DECENNIAL LEAVE OF ABSENCE, BUT HE GREW SO "HOMESICK" FOR HIS ADOPTED COUNTRY THAT HE COULD NOT RECONCILE HIMSELF TO A SEPARATION FROM CHINA OF MORE THAN SIX MONTHS

years, and then again, perhaps—we never know what grace God has in store for these poor people.

### Saint Ann's Church in Korea

THE Maryknoll mission of Masan in Korea has a new *Tenshudo* (church), dedicated to Saint Ann. Father George M. Carroll, formerly of City Island, New York City, and now pastor of Masan, tells us that Saint Ann's has

been the means of attracting a number of pagans. He writes:

Recently, during a big Korean holiday, about five hundred pagans came to the new Saint Ann's for a "look-see". Right in the village of Masan I now have about thirty-five preparing for Baptism. Previously little progress had been made in the neighborhood of the mission. Most of our Christians live in villages several miles distant from Masan.

One of the things that have made me most happy about the new church is the fact that our Christians, out of their poverty, contributed generously towards its construction. Their thoughtfulness means much to us. On my last birthday they presented me with a new Maryknoll cassock. On my mother's birthday the men of the "parish" gave me an offering for a Mass for her, and the women the wherewithal to buy a present. The school children put on a little play for the occasion, and I responded in a few words to the oration opening the celebration. I told them that by honoring my mother they honored me too and gave me joy.

Our Masan district has in all about 1,200 Christians. During the past year we had over 100 Baptisms, and 65 of these were adults.

### BOOKS RECEIVED

**Novenas and Devotions in Honor of the Holy Ghost—**

By Rev. F. X. Lasance. Published by the Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y. Price twenty-five cents.

**A Rosary Project—**

Published by The Queen's Work, 3742 West Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. Price ten cents.

**The Greatest Prayer, The Mass—**

Published by The Bruce Publishing Company, 524 N. Milwaukee Street, Milwaukee, Wis. Price ten cents.

**Christ and His Church—**

By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work, 3742 West Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. Price ten cents.

**Retribution—**

A Comedy-Drama in Three Acts by Gertrude A. Kneeland. Published by the Catholic Dramatic Movement, 1511 West Wisconsin Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. Price fifty cents.

### THE TEST OF LOVE.



## Garden of the Chalice

By Marie Fischer



It happened in the early seventeenth century, during one of those turbulent years when Japanese Christians were being persecuted for the Faith.

It was only one act in the stupendous drama that rose to a final bloody climax before the year had ended.

The scene was a garden. Cherry blossom time in Japan.

Petal showers rained down from the blushing cherry tree. There was a low little laugh. The audacious wind caught it up and carried it away.

The blushing cherry tree, having no intelligence, did not recognize a victorious rival to its loveliness in the upturned pretty face of ivory beauty suddenly transformed to rose.

Life was full of promise, and O Nita San was about to live its fulfillment. Today, Takito would return. O Nita San patted the rough trunk of the ancient cherry tree—*The Aged Beauty*, she called it. Had it not witnessed all the happy scenes of her young life? Had not Takito bid her *sayonara* beneath its sheltering arms three years ago? How well it kept a secret. *The Aged Beauty!*

Some one was coming over the garden bridge. O Nita San turned to see. The next moment she was arm in arm with O Tako San.

"O Nita San" (the only other rival *The Aged Beauty* could boast of besides the one just described was this bit of breathless vivacity wrapped in silken kimono folds). "I have come to take you down to the waterfront. Takito is returning by sampan, the august Emperor's fleet. He has had a promotion,

and we are going to meet him!"

O Nita San said nothing. She smoothed out raven hair the wind had



THAT NIGHT, ON HIS WAY HOME FROM A VISIT TO THE FATHER OF O NITA SAN, TAKITO LINGERED IN THE MOONLIT GARDEN, PLACE OF MEMORABLE TRYSTS

ruffled. The blossoms in her cheeks deepened, and put to shame forever all blushing cherry trees. Then she looked up.

O Tako San laughed delightedly at her confusion: "Would you rather meet the honorable warrior here, little maid?" she asked mockingly, with a characteristic tilt of her saucy head. And then added the deliberate afterthought: "Alone?"

"What a sister you are to Takito!" irrelevantly remarked the embarrassed O Nita San.

They walked slowly down to the shore of the inland sea that lay at the foot of the garden's gradual descent,

chattering of all the manifold new events that had somehow miraculously developed since the last time they met, one long hour back!

As the picturesque pageant of sail-rigged, swaying sampans moved past, one broke the formation line and headed for shore. When the solitary sampan, gliding alongside the *torii*, drew up on the beach strand, a familiar figure climbed down from the boat's prow and came towards them with a long military stride. Greetings were formal, as Japanese greetings always are. Animated conversation immediately followed. O Tako San was sure there were a thousand questions she should ask, and she expected as many answers.

O Nita San, suddenly shy of the tall, bronzed young *samurai*, walked ahead of the other two leaving them to blissful reunion. She reached the garden before them. The sun gloried in its setting and in the distance a temple bell sounded. A fisherman on the shore stopped his labors at the signal for prayer. Evening stood ready with star-lamps on the threshold of heaven. A servant went about lighting the stone garden lanterns. O Nita San waited under *The Aged Beauty*, while Takito and O Tako San came through the cherry tree grove.

"Sunsets are still as glorious from our garden as of old, eh, O Tako San?" Takito's glance traveled out across the waters to the burning western heavens. Abruptly he turned: "But you, honorable O Nita San, are as lovely as dawn in the Land of the Rising Sun." He was half serious, half teasing.

O Tako San cleared her throat suspiciously.

"You will excuse me please, a short time? I have lost my hair ornament—I think along the beach." How prudently the minx remembered her loss at precisely the auspicious moment. Before anyone could stop her she was off like a bird on the wing, her small feet flying over the ground, down to the seashore. She broke into unrestrained laughter at the water's edge, an infectious strain of merry music. It took O Tako San but a second to find the hair ornament she had deliberately dropped, anticipating the meeting of the two in the garden. Artful wench!



She loitered until the first waves of high tide threatened to flood the wide beach, before she rejoined them.

Meanwhile, Takito had ample opportunity to relive his memories of O Nita San.

"O Nita San, I brought this *saké* cup for you from the Forbidden City in China." He reached in his armored coat and drew out something that looked like a teacup, but with no handle and with a short stem supporting it at the base. Nor was it porcelain, but of some shiny metal unknown to O Nita San. "In the far countries of the West, this is called a chalice, a wine cup. This one is precious. There is a legend attached to it."

Legends fascinated O Nita San. She clapped her hands like a child. "Tell me about it, Takito—do!"

"You have not grown up then, after all?" Seeing she demurred, he laughed and went on: "Well, many centuries of moons ago, there lived in the far-away land of Palestine an innkeeper. One sunset time when the day was already far spent, there came to ask his hospitality three travelers. When they had seated themselves for the evening *saké*, the innkeeper served them bread, which is a kind of Western rice cake, and wine, which is their *saké*. The innkeeper left them in congenial conversation to attend to some trifling duty. Coming into the room where he had left all three, but several minutes before, he found two of the travelers in great excitement. The third traveler had disappeared and the other two offered no explanation. Puzzled, the innkeeper went to the door of his inn, scanning the road up and down for sight of the third traveler. There was no one in sight. The two travelers at the same time took leave of their host, warning him to treasure the wine cup he had set before their fellow-traveler, and saying that He had been a divine personage in disguise. They had not known Him until they partook of the evening *saké*. After this strange occurrence, stranger things happened at the little inn. It finally became known that sick men who drank from the chalice were made well; wicked men, good; and cowards changed to heroes. This is that wine cup of magic power,



THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE. AS CONCEIVED BY THE JAPANESE ARTIST, LUKE HASEGAWA

the Chalice of Emmaus. A merchant of Cathay in whose family it had been kept for hundreds of years and to one of whose ancestors it had been given by the innkeeper as a token of friendship, gave it to me two years ago for a service rendered. Would you care to keep it for me, O Nita San?"

That night, on his way home from a visit to the father of O Nita San, Takito lingered in the moonlit garden, place of memorable trysts. Alone with phantom shadows of the cherry trees about him for ghostly company, an old fear overwhelmed him. The great se-



O NITA SAN AND TAKITO'S SISTER WALKED SLOWLY DOWN TO THE SHORE OF THE INLAND SEA THAT LAY AT THE FOOT OF THE GARDEN'S GRADUAL DESCENT

INDIFFERENT TO SOULS FOR WHOM HE DIED.

cret he had buried in his heart for two years now surged up in him overpoweringly. He leaned against the boulder. The *Shogun* was hunting the Christians. Any day, without warning, he, Takito, would be taken prisoner. He was being hunted down like a beast of the forest. He would be killed like one, without mercy. Pride of name and family, love for O Nita San, and a loyalty greater than these claims on his life racked and tore at his heart and soul. It was becoming intolerable. He was bathed in sweat. Streams of tears ran unheeded down his immobile, ghastly countenance. It was the agony.

Takito knew it was, and, knowing it, his agony became the greater. The gnarled trees, the palid moon rays, the hard, uneven ground accentuated it. Familiar words came to him: "My Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me—" He could go no farther than that. Not until an hour later did he find his courage strong enough to complete the prayer.

O Nita San had been unable to sleep, her mind troubled by some vague foreboding. She came out into the garden seeking to calm her thoughts, and saw a figure leaning prostrate against the rock. She did not scream, nor even utter an exclamation, but turned quickly and ran back to the house. The *shoji* was open as she had left it. In a moment she was out again, the chalice Takito had confided to her keeping in her steady hand. She had taken it up where she had placed it earlier in the evening, on the teakwood table by the *shoji*. In her haste she did not notice it was the precious cup she had filled to the brim with *saké*. She hesitated a few steps from the rock. The man was not unconscious, but breathing heavily. A little frightened, she was about to go back to the house. The man lifted his head. The moonlight was exceptionally bright.

"Takito!" Her hold on the cup of *saké* loosened. Before it could fall from her grasp, Takito had snatched it with a quick movement. He straightened.

"What do you here, Takito? And in such a strange attitude?" Her voice trembled.

Takito, self-possessed once more, his anguish a secret again, smiled gravely.

"Might I not ask the same question of you, O Nita San?"

"But I thought you had gone home—"

"No. I stopped here, to renew old memories." He turned the cup with a composed gesture, realizing it was the chalice. In an instant he had lifted it to his lips and drained it, drained it to the dregs. O, God! It was the agony in truth, to the last detail. Heaven had sent him an angel to console him, yet bringing the chalice God meant him to drink. And the angel was O Nita San. O Nita San!

"I will tell you a secret, O Nita San, with *The Aged Beauty* for witness."



IN THE DISTANCE A TEMPLE BELL SOUNDED AND A FISHERMAN ON THE SHORE STOPPED HIS LABORS AT THE SIGNAL FOR PRAYER

What was that noise of many voices breaking in upon their sacred solitude, the sound of running feet, clinking armor? A group of armed men surged over the little hill behind them and came tramping over the bridge.

Takito faced them squarely. Were these his comrades of only this morning? The uncertain flare of the torches took new fire in his unfaltering eyes. He barred their way before O Nita San.

"Whom do you seek?" The question was asked in a deep, vibrant tone, a challenge in its accents.

The leader raised his torch, approaching nearer. He wore the insignia of the honorable *Shogun*.

"Ai! It is you, honorable Takito! My honorable friend, we seek the honorable Takito. A little matter of an appointment with the royal gaoler. You are accused of high treason to the august Emperor. You are one of the Christians we hunt down, the dogs!" He read off the proclamation of imprisonment and death with dispatch, then turned on his heel, summoning guards.

Takito had eyes only for O Nita San.

"It is true, O Nita San," he said, "I am a Christian. It is the secret I would have told you but now." He paused. Then: "Believe in my undying love for you, O Nita San, always, no matter what happens!"

O Nita San raised her face, doubt and agony in her eyes, "A Christian, Takito?"

The soldiers came forward, dragging Takito back several steps. He last beheld O Nita San erect as the graceful iris standing in the moon's silver light, the chalice he had drained lying at her feet, her silk kimono shimmering like water with moonbeams gliding over it, the old protecting arms of *The Aged Beauty* bending down to shield her when he could not. Two diamonds, one on either cheek, glistened as dew on white roses, the alchemy of moonbeams and tears. He braced himself. Another second and he was gone, bearing away with him to the dark valley of death the bright vision of her whom he hoped to meet again in some heavenly garden.

She was dry-eyed the next morning when O Tako San, weeping, told her in fragments of words how they had crucified Takito.

Petal showers rained down from the blanched, faded cherry tree. There was a low little sob. The weeping waterfall caught its echo and prolonged the lament.

The blanched cherry tree, having no soul, did not recognize a victorious rival to its bent age in the bowed sorrowful face of ivory whiteness transformed with grief.

Life was full of promise, and O Nita San lived its fulfillment. She became a Christian. In the garden of the chalice where death had given summons, life was victor.

# MARYKNOLL JUNIORS

## ANGELS' MIRRORS

"DO you s'pose Angels pick flowers in Heaven?" asked a little girl as she gave a lily a gentle push that sent it swinging gracefully from side to side.

Spring sunshine streamed in through the windows of the little old Mission Chapel. They sparkled like great jewels—rubies and opals, sapphires, emeralds and diamonds! Gabriel and Michael and Raphael and a host of the angelic choir gazed down silently from their windows at the Easter bustle below in the sanctuary. Outside, lilies like more tall white angels stood guard about the Chapel door.

No one answered the little girl's first question, so she asked another: "Are there lilies in Heaven?"

"Of course!" Su, her sister bent over to catch the fragrance of the tallest lily.

Granma Li Li sat watching them from under the willow tree close by. "Heaven is a big garden filled with every kind of flower and all sorts of wonderful things—Fairyland come true! And Angels are God's fairies."

The group of children about the door stared open-mouthed at Granma Li Li.

"Yes, yes, my dears!" The old gray head nodded solemnly. "Have you not seen that picture on the window in Chapel, the Archangel

Gabriel with a lily, kneeling before Our Lady? On his way out of God's Fairyland, Gabriel reached back through the pearly gate and picked it. He brought it with him to earth when he came to visit the Virgin Mary. That was his way of telling her God thought her as lovely as a lily from His Fairyland." Black eyes snapped with interest.

"Tell us more, Granma!" pleaded young voices.

"On the first Christmas Eve, Angels winged down starry pathways and sang a song of welcome to their Little King newly born on earth. Since then, Angels have been fond of visiting earth. They really left their Fairyland here, you see—Jesus. And when the Little King grew up and was in trouble the night before His death, His Father sent one of those same Angels to comfort Him—"

"I know! It was in the Garden of Olives!" Li shouted. Li was the boy at the very top of the Scripture class and he was not likely to forget it.

Granma nodded. "And, of course, you each have a Guardian Angel at your side, always." Granma looked around knowingly as if she could actually see each one. Su who was somewhat chubby was afraid hers did not have room enough on the end of the bench. She moved closer to Li. The next moment she had moved back again, a little, remembering that Li had an Angel too. It would never do to squash a Guardian Angel!

Granma Li Li smiled. "Su, dearie, your Angel Guardian doesn't take up room. Stay where you are, child. Pure spirits don't take up room."

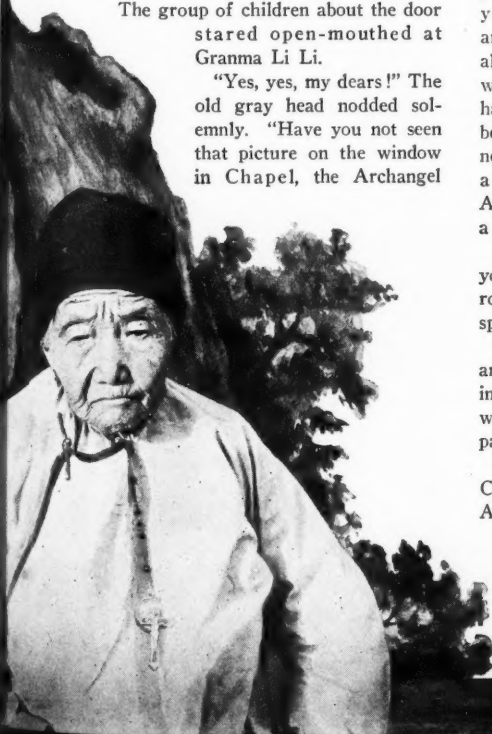
Su was disappointed. "But Granma, aren't those like *real* Angels—the ones in the Chapel windows? Don't Angels wear pretty rose and blue and golden party gowns like they do?"

Granma Li Li looked over at the Chapel windows. "Yes, that is the way Angels appear on earth. Chapel windows are the Angels' Mirrors. Angels look into them and we see

them mirrored there. Sometimes, if you watch, when there are lights or the sun is out, you will see them shining brightly through—all decked in rainbow robes shimmering and gay."

Granma glanced down at Su. "Long ago, one Holy Saturday, when I was a little girl like Su, my grandmother took me on a far journey. I was going to hear my first Easter High Mass. After walking and riding over mountains many, many miles, we arrived here. Confessions and decorating went on in the Chapel far into the night. About midnight, everyone left to try and get a few winks of sleep before morning. Not me! I thought it would be a lark to stay in Chapel alone with the Blessed Sacrament all night. So, I hid away behind the altar until everybody else had gone and the door had been locked. I was not going to sleep. Soon, however, my eyes began to close and open, close and open. Everything was so still.

"Suddenly, I heard a faint noise at the door as though someone were fumbling with the lock, then footsteps, then silence! A few minutes and I heard another sound, this time a scratching and prying at the window. I was really a brave little girl, not usually fearful, even in the dark. But now my heart was going trip! trip! trip! pit pat, pit pat, pat-pat-pat—very fast. I could hear a grumbly, growly voice saying something. I remembered all the tales I had heard about bogey men and robbers and my heart bounded up into my throat. The next instant, it stopped jumping altogether. The Chapel seemed flooded with fire. On one of the windows an Angel shone in all his glory. The noise and voices ceased: Every-





thing was still. The Angel disappeared in a flash and all was darkness again. I was alone with Jesus in the Chapel. It was then I recalled something my grandmother had said that afternoon coming along a dangerous mountain path: 'He hath given His Angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways.' That was it! God had sent one of His Angels to keep me from harm.

"Early next morning, the mission Father found me fast asleep under the Angel window. Outside it lay a burnt out torch the robbers had left there. You see, as the mission Father explained to me afterwards, an Angel had looked straight out the window to scare away the robbers and the same Angel had looked straight in through the window at me to let me know he was there in case I needed him. When Angels look into their Mirrors, we know they are somewhere near."

Li was not quite sure about it. Boys will be Thomases. Li was frowning. "I'd like to see a real, honest-to-goodness Angel!"

Granma rose quietly. "Black eyes do not see Angels on earth very closely, son. Bright eyes of the soul do, although just now they do not see very well either—seeing only through a glass darkly". Granma patted Li's black, satiny head. "We shall all see Angels when we wake up in Heaven, dearie, face to face." Granma smiled and started towards the Chapel door. "In the meantime, there are Angels' Mirrors, you know!"

### Mission Baby Sponsors

#### November—

(Continued from March issue)

Florence Collins, *Galena, Ill.*; John Fleming, *Lawrence, Mass.*; Madeline Michell, *Bala, Penna.*; Francis Ga Nun, *Ozone Park, L. I., N. Y.*; Margaret Ryan, *Wayne, Penna.*

#### December—

Andrew Beres, *Bridgeport, Conn.*; A Philip Kenkel, *Mt. Rainier, Md.*; D. McGaffney, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*; Mary Margaret Jack, *Los Angeles, Calif.*; Marie Schmitt, *Bayport, L. I., N. Y.*; Edward Gregurich, *Olyphant, Penna.*; Mary Margaret Jack, *Los Angeles, Calif.*; Maryknoll Juniors, *Bristow, Okla.*; Beatrice Arling, *Cincinnati, Ohio*; Mary Kofroth, *Woburn, Mass.*; John Devlin, *Brighton, Mass.*; John F. Burke, *Manchester, N. H.*; Claire Stevens, *Rensselaer, N. Y.*; Margaret Ryan, *Wayne, Penna.*; Florence Collins, *Galena, Ill.*; Thomas Doyle, *Jersey City, N. J.*; Mary Crowley, *Westerly, R. I.*; Maryknoll Juniors of the Immaculate Heart, *Auburn, N. Y.*; Mary and Margaret Ryan, *Harrison, N. Y.*; Venard Unit, *Rosati-Kain, St. Louis, Mo.*; Robert Ricklick, *Minneapolis, Minn.*; St. Bridget's Altar Boys, *Minneapolis, Minn.*



MARY BRUNELL, *Altona, N. Y.*; Doris Colte, *Altona, N. Y.*; Betty and Leon Thelen, *Fowler, Mich.*; John J. Daw, *Astoria, L. I., N. Y.*; Agnes Frankowich, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*; Madeline Wenzel, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*; Jackie Seaman, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*; Elizabeth Henle, *New Ulm, Minn.*; James Weinreis, *Aberdeen, South Dakota*; William Davis and Thomas Doyle, *Jersey City, N. J.*; John F. Burke, *Manchester, N. H.*; Assumption School, *Juniata, Nebraska*; Eamon O'Connell, *Oakland, Calif.*; Gene Greenwood, *Bellaire, Ohio*; Mary Wenzel, *Wakefield, Mass.*; St. Catherine of Genoa School, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*; Eleanor R. Donahue, *Sandusky, Ohio*; Avis Frances Horan, *Providence, R. I.*; Eileen and Clare Glynn, *San Francisco, Calif.*; Junior B. of Rosati-Kain, *St. Louis, Mo.*; Helen McLaughlin, *Rosindale, Mass.*; Lawrence Messier, *Nashua, N. H.*; Cecilia J. Mobbs, *South Duxbury, Mass.*; Margaret and Joseph Doyle, *Ossining, N. Y.*; Mary Kofroth, *Woburn, Mass.*; Raymond Martin, *San Francisco, Calif.*; St. Joseph's School, *St. Mary's, Penna.*; Geraldine Patrick, *Lisbon Falls, Maine*; William Wiswell, *Philadelphia, Penna.*; Catherine Vogel, *Baltimore, Md.*; John Devlin, *Brighton, Mass.*; Our Lady of Lourdes School, *Jamaica Plain, Mass.*; Patrick and Thomas Lavin, *Dorchester, Mass.*; Credo Club, *New Rochelle, N. Y.*; Grade VII of St. Joseph's School, *Wakefield, Mass.*; Eugene and Robert Emmerich, *Utica, N. Y.*; Grades I and VIII of St. Ann's Academy, *Wilkes-Barre, Penna.*; Madeline Michell, *Bala, Penna.*; Holy Trinity School, *Chicago, Ill.*; St. Mary's School, *Fort Wayne, Ind.*; St. Ludwig's School, *Philadelphia, Penna.*; Grades VII and VIII of St. Patrick's Academy, *Momence, Ill.*; Margaret and Mary Ann Manley, *Cincinnati, Ohio*; Charlotte Smith, *Woodhaven, L. I., N. Y.*

## The Maryknoll Juniors' Crown for Our May Queen

1. Hail Mary for Conversions.
  2. Rosary for Missionary Vocations.
  3. Hail Holy Queen for Missioners.
  4. Memorare for Our Holy Father, Pius XI, Pope of the Missions.
  5. Magnificat in Thanksgiving for Home and Foreign Missions.
- Daily Aspirations to Our Blessed Mother for the Missions are the little Forget-Me-Nots in her Crown!

The above mission intentions are being printed in this issue so that each Junior may begin on May first. Your monthly calendar may be delayed in the mail.

## New Maryknoll Juniors

### California—

*Los Angeles*: Norma Alice Canning, Laverne Keogh, Mayadele Provo.

*Sacramento*: Jane Ench.

*San Francisco*: Barbara Riley, Dorothy Commins, Rose Torre, Marie Coll, Celia McMahon, Mildred Holland, Geraldine Petzinger, Betty Keegan.

*Santa Rosa*: John Canevari.

### Connecticut—

*Bridgeport*: John Toohey.

*West Haven*: Ursula Carroll.

### Florida—

*Orlando*: Donald Spellman, Mary Acker.

### Illinois—

*Chicago*: Veronica Puisis, Genevieve Kanusis, Anne Kamar, Eleanor Miknius, Josephine Norvilas.

### Kentucky—

*St. Joseph*: Sue Lee Brown, Alicia Mahoney, Zelma Logsdon, Grace Spiece, Mary Irene Durlen.

### Massachusetts—

*Boston*: Mary Mahoney, Alfred Brunnelle.

*Chelsea*: James O'Malley.

*Dorchester*: Thomas Vesey.

*Roxbury*: James, Thomas and Joseph Walsh.

*Wakefield*: Jean Creedon, Irene Coyne, Eleanor Meuse, Jeanne Surette, Mary Sullivan, Arlene Sullivan, Anna O'Connor, Robert Curran, Catherine Smith, Lorraine Landry, Jeanette Landry, Alice Reardon, Elinor Reardon, Rita Callan, John Costello, Catherine Finn, Francis McIntire, John Miralito, Peggy Hatfield, Mary Doucette, Dorothy Cambareri, Winifred Russell, Beatrice Dumbbeck, Mary Miller, Lillian Ryan, Barbara Moore, Delia DiSanto, Hermina Kohler, Mary De Marco, Rose Tiberio, Jean Bruce, Alma Dufault, Patricia Bruce, Lillian Olaztynski, Mary Miezu, Gertrude Malonson, Lucille Meuse, Jean Kelley, Nathalie Foss, Virginia Wilband, Josephine Coccoro, Mary Cronin, Marjorie Robbins, Robert Curran, Jerome McCullough, Florence Palumbo, Richard Cronin, Ralph Storti, John Blair, Everett Malonson, Virginia Cooper, Mary Keane, Irene Colwell, Teresa Carey, Thomas Carey, Harold Carey, Harold Maher, Gerard McIntire, Joan McGonagh, Anna Patch, Margaret Barry, Catherine Walsh, Philip Breen.

*Watertown*: Alfred McGann, Robert Gildea, Edward McNulty, Anthony Sollese, Daniel O'Hara, John Dolan, Joseph O'Connell, Charles Blackburn, Bernard Keenan, John McDade, Anna McNicholas.

*Worcester*: Thirty-five pupils of Freshman Class 1A, St. John's High School.

### Michigan—

*Detroit*: Paul Dehring, Patricia and Mary Crumley, Helen Lagrou, Mary L. Hommel, Shirley Goode, Genevieve Rita Kornbacher.

### Nebraska—

*Juniata*: Seventy pupils of Assumption School.

### New Hampshire—

*Concord*: Bernice M. Bunker.

### New Jersey—

*Hackensack*: Cecelia Weigl, Rita Litchner, Marie Litchner.

*Paterson*: Jack Donohue, Doris Donohue.



## New York—

**Auburn:** Margaret Ryan, Margaret Murphy.

**Brooklyn:** Lorraine Sherwood, Nellie Mikalauskas, Dorothy Kreidler, Evelyn Fausser, Mildred Irwin, Marjorie Amessee, Gladys Sherwood, Ruth Sherwood, Elizabeth Persche, Helen Hienlier, Helen Hammer, Mary Cullen, A. Kreidler, Madeline Edmonds, Margaret Cahill, D. McGaffney, Louise Kossman, Veronica Hartman, Anna Graham, Elsie Ruppert, Helen Barbsis, Diana Kroha, Catherine Miller, Dorothea Schmuck, Catherine Caldon, Lillian Kren, Rita Nevitt, Irma Feilmeier, Agnes Doyle, Irene Leger, Ruth Farron, Dorothy Kelly, Anna Leonarons, Helen Lipp, Ruth Irwin, Ruth Zimmer, Jean Hart, Muriel Kossman, Katherine Thanhauser, Alice Metzner, Madeline Hall, Rose Marie Hellback, Rose Morgan, Rita Wenzel, Elsie Van Prooyen, Martha Van Prooyen, Lucille Sullivan, Mary Selts, Evelyn Pugh, Catherine Cassidy, Marie Kent, Elizabeth Kavanagh, Margaret Walsh, Ruth Soullard, Clare Vanderschmidt, Margaret Moroney, Eileen Kelly, Margaret De Silva, Rose O'Reilly, Helen Walsh, Margaret O'Connor, Mary Cusack, Dorothy Sutton, Katherine Kavanagh, Bernadette Driscoll, Margaret McSweeney, Marie Judge, Florence Murray, Edna Torrillo.

**Ithaca:** Mary Ruane, Viola Ciashi, Bob Crowley.

**Long Island:** Dorothy Miller, Mary Fraser, Jean Neary, Laurence Cassidy.

**New York City:** Rose Diserio, Anna Giordano, Lillian McNeill, Rita Cangro, Amalia Santuccio, Dorothy Dray, Ann Lanzano, Mary O'Connor, Mary Clinton, Mary Ann Reilly, Helen Roche, Joan Tierney, Grace Hanson, Margaret Mary Reilly, Rose Mulhern, Mary Rossbach, Edward J. Mitty.

**Ossining:** Eleanor and Dorothy Quille, Franklin Johnson.

## Ohio—

**Bellaire:** Thirty-five pupils of Grade VII, St. John's School.

## Pennsylvania—

**Drexel Hill:** Betty Bachofer.

**Philadelphia:** Catherine Maurer, Mary Smith, Mary Quigley, Jackie Quigley, Gloria Ciampi, Marie Zwysen, Mary McClory, Frances Haley, Daniel Gallagher, Walter Grajewski, John Graham, Richard Madigan, Thomas Mundy, Francis McNeals, John Linsley, Bill Zeiss, Daniel Boyle, James Brennan, William Colden.

**Stonehurst:** Rose De Paul.

**Upper Darby:** Mary Meeley.

**Wayne:** David Ryan.

## Wisconsin—

**Sheboygan:** Corrine Butzen, Isabel Fortin.

## Puzzle Winners

(January)

### First Prize—

John Long, Watertown, Mass.

### Second Prize—

Mary Ann Manley, Cincinnati, Ohio.

### Third Prize—

Virginia Klee, Rochester, N. Y.

### Fourth Prize—

Jeanette Hirth, Cincinnati, Ohio.

### Honorable Mention—

Rose Marie Storm, Kirkwood, Mo.; Elmer Brock, Philadelphia, Penna.; S. Godfrey Impastato, New Orleans, La.; Mary Kofroth, Woburn, Mass.; Louise M. Cutler, Troy, N. Y.; Thomas Doyle, Jersey City, N. J.; John F. Walsh, New York, N. Y.

## EASTERTIME

### DEAR CHIN-NERS:

**An Easter Egg Hunt! Did you ever take part in one? It's tremendous fun as those of you know who have come off with a cap full of eggs all colors of the rainbow—and a PRIZE for finding the most or the biggest! It's a dandy game and worth all your effort.**

**Now! That's what I want our work as Maryknoll Juniors to be—a thrilling game, a hunt if you will. Instead of Easter Eggs, let's see how many little things and big things we can find to give our Risen Lord. A prayer here, a sacrifice of a sweetmeat or a pleasure there. The one simple rule of the game is: LOVE. Only the LOVERS will be WINNERS OF PRIZES, LOVERS OF SOULS! Every one of my Juniors is a lover of souls.**

**In our game, everybody will be a winner because the prize for each will be a pagan soul, maybe more than one. The more sacrifices and the better the prayers, the greater your love, the bigger the prize you will be able to lay at the sacred feet of Our Risen Lord. Would you not want with all your heart to give Someone Who has given you all you have, a prize you had won yourself?**

**So, come on Chin-ners! Let's all be good sports. Join the Easter Hunt for souls! We're everyone out for a big prize!**

**Yours for the Easter Hunt,**

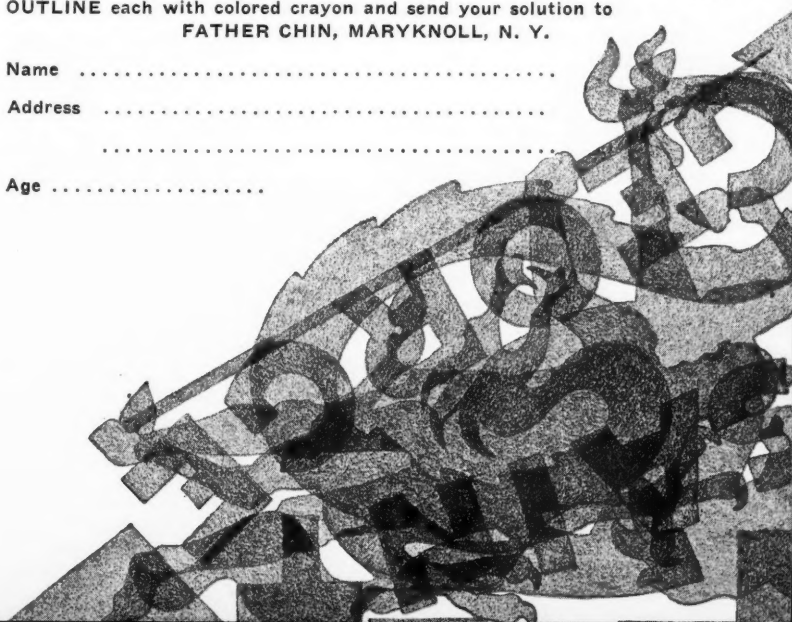
*Father Chin*

Find the outlines of a saint whose feast is celebrated in April, his name, his ....., and the ..... which he conquered. OUTLINE each with colored crayon and send your solution to  
FATHER CHIN, MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

Name .....

Address .....

Age .....



# STUDENTS' PAGE

## HOLY WEEK AT MALABON—



THE Filipino people delight in dramatizing as realistically as possible every detail of the Passion of Our Lord. After Mass on Good Friday, a huge cross was brought to the front of the church, and a scaffolding was erected in the sanctuary. During this preparation men and children wandered through the church and across the altar steps, talking out loud and offering suggestions. At eleven o'clock all was ready. The cross was raised and a life size corpus fastened to it. Branches of trees were brought in to cover the scaffold.

The crowd grew larger in the afternoon, and just before three o'clock there was a rush to the front of the church. As the bell in the tower tolled three times the head of the statue moved. This is what the people had been waiting for. It was cleverly done by a string concealed behind the cross. The branches of the trees were then carefully carried away. They are supposed to possess healing powers, and are preserved for use in the case of illness. The apostles then appeared, and ascending two ladders, they very gently and reverently unfasted and lowered the corpus. After wrapping it in a winding sheet, they placed it on a glass covered bier. The band played a dirge and the procession started out. Up and down the streets of the town they went, following the bier and the statue of Our Lady of Sorrows. At eleven o'clock that night they brought the statue of Our Lady back to the church, while the one of Our Savior was taken to a private home. There the apostles and people kept a vigil until daybreak.

The bells in the tower rang out joyously after the *Alleluias* on Easter Saturday. A figure representing Our Risen Lord, dressed in white, was made ready for the morrow. Our Lady's somber robe gave way to one of bright blue, richly embroidered.

On Easter Sunday the bells began to ring very early, announcing the hour for Mass. At the Consecration the bands struck up the National Anthem,

and some giant firecrackers thundered a volley that sounded like canons.

After the first Mass the statues of Our Lord and Blessed Mother were taken out in procession. They were taken in opposite directions around the block and brought to meet under an elaborately decorated arch. As the procession halted under the arch, a dove was let down by a string to remove a black veil from Our Lady's face. The band began a joyful melody and the statues were brought back to the church.

As we entered the yard, a crowd gathered under a huge acacia tree where Judas was hanging. His body was fashioned from a bamboo frame covered with paper. Firecrackers were attached to this frame, and a chicken was concealed underneath in a basket. At the proper moment a candle was held to the fuse of one of the firecrackers. A mighty bang was heard and Judas was no more. The chicken, which the people told us represented his soul, fluttered away.

Some of the people then followed the statues into the church and waited for the second Mass, while others wended their way homeward, with enough *religion* to last until next Holy Week.

—A Maryknoll Sister at Malabon

**WINNERS** of the "Modern Martyrs" essay contest will be published in the May issue.

### Easter Bunny

*A Bedtime Story for Simple Folk*  
By Poog

ONCE upon a time, there were a little girl and a little boy who did not believe in the Easter Bunny! (They saw the advertisements in the corner drugstore about steadfast dyes for coloring eggs.) But why, my dear children, should dyes or even eggs come between the Easter Bunny and us? Anyway, that night (the night before Easter) after they fell asleep, the Easter Bunny who was in tears outside the French windows—he had heard all the unkind things they said about him—cast his pride behind him and hopped with one big hop onto the dressing

table. He was a bootiful Bunny with ears so pink and tall like great ice cream cones (strawberry) and such a dear wriggly (not chewing gum) nose. He took his camera in one paw and placed it on a bedpost, while he held onto the string. "Click! Click!" What was that? We shall see! Mmm—just wait!

An hour later, Easter Bunny hopped joyfully out of Papa's developing room and out the French windows. He turned about. So joyful was he, that he threw a kiss with both his paws at once at the two sleeping cherubs.

The next morning there on their beds the children each found a hand-painted life-size snapshot of Easter Bunny!

"Ooo Papa!" they both said in a chorus, "we shall always believe in the Easter Bunny for we have seen his snapshot!"

Ooohh.

### Maryknoll Mission Plays

*Recommended for the month of May*  
**Popping The Question—And How!**  
*One Act Play*

As the dedication reads: "Here's to all would-be Missioners!" Not so easy to tell the family your missionary inclinations and then bravely carry them through. Meg did it in spite of three teasing brothers, a disdainful sister, her colored 'Mammy' and a fond 'Ant'—and a host of other objections! An hour of fun and laughter for audience and actors! Cast of nine characters.

**A May Blossom**  
*Four Act Play*

This Japanese maiden of the twentieth century thought it would be sweet to die for Christ. The exciting events of the play prove her a true descendant of the early Japanese martyrs. Cast of seven characters.

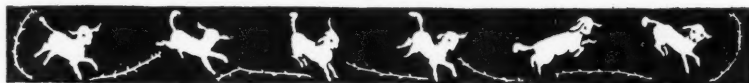
**The Feast Of The Moon**  
*Four Act Play*

A Chinese maiden attempts to evade her father's choice of a suitor. A strange combination of circumstances brings about her conversion. Cast of twelve characters.

Price 25c Each, Postpaid

### Easter Echoes

Pax! the Master's gentle voice.  
Laetare! O Marie rejoice!  
Alleluia! Angels sing.  
Rabboni! greet the Risen King!



## Concerning Maryknoll Sponsors

(MARYKNOLL SPONSORS are friends who "back" or support a Maryknoll missionary at one dollar a day, for as many days each month as possible. Monthly reminders are sent, and our Sponsors are assured that whenever they cannot keep up this practical co-operation, the reminder will be discontinued. Every new missionary is a blessing, but also a new "support problem", for the Home Knoll. Our Sponsors are solving this problem for us.)

**M**AY the joy and peace of our Risen Savior abide in the heart of each of you!

And we know that these precious fruits will be bestowed upon you for the sacrifices you have made to bear some little portion of the Cross with Him, and which your continued co-operation has entailed.

Not a few of our supporters have written that they would increase their offerings this year, in thanksgiving for blessings received. A young Philadelphia college girl writes: "I am one of your regular contributors, but offer only a meagre one dollar a month. I feel confident that I have reaped many blessings from even that small offering, so am sending you an additional two dollars this month."

Then, from New York City, we received the following letter: "I think that, although my offering is only the 'widow's mite' (one dollar a day per month), I have received many blessings through it. I only wish it were in my power financially to do more."

It is through such continued offerings, blessed doubly because of the sacrifices made, that we are enabled to carry on this great work. Happily, a real satisfaction follows their monthly offering. There is joy in the conversion of souls to Christ—that joy which nothing can take from us.

Occasionally gifts intended for the Maryknoll Sisters, whose Motherhouse is across the road from us, are misdirected to our office. During the past few weeks we have noted a few sizable

gifts from Circles who are paying for a room in the motherhouse. Among these gifts were checks from the *Mary Immaculate Guild*, of Scranton, Penna., the *Theophane Venard Circle*, of Worcester, Mass.; *The Little Flower Circle*, of Milwaukee, Wis., and the *St. Caroline's Mission Circle*, of Woodhaven-Valley Stream, N. Y.



AN EASTER PRESENT FOR SISTER At Dairen in Manchukuo a little Chinese friend presents Sister St. Anne Sexton, of Framingham, Mass., with a songbird

Milwaukee, Wis., is a real "Maryknoll mission" city, where several very active Circles are constantly at work.

The members of *The Little Flower Circle*, besides keeping twelve Maryknoll missionaries (both priests and Sis-

### FROM MILL TO MISSIONS

An industrious young worker in a planing mill followed his priestly vocation until it led him to the arduous missions of Alaska. There this American priest, Father William Judge, served the natives, and also the unfortunates of the great army of gold-hunters. His record thrills and uplifts.

See page 128

ters) smiling, also sell the various articles made by the Industrial Schools on our missions, and are paying for a room in the Convent.

*Our Blessed Lady's Circle* has adopted a priest formerly of Milwaukee, now a Maryknoll missionary in the Orient, and supports him for ten days each month. Friends in this group never give us an opportunity of "reminding" them when their support is due—they pay six months in advance.

*The St. Joseph's Circle* has taken another former citizen of Milwaukee, now one of our missionaries in Japan, under its wing, and during the past year has forwarded to that field over five hundred dollars.

The following gifts found their way to our hilltop during the past few weeks:

Gifts of the ever-welcome "Stringless" variety came from *St. Paul's Circle*, of Milwaukee, Wis., *Rev. Henry McGlinchey Circle*, of Somerville, Mass., *St. Vincent de Paul's Circle*, of Westerly, R. I., and the *Rosarian Society of St. Philip's Church*, San Francisco, Calif.

Mass intentions and other gifts came from the *Little Flower Circle*, of Scranton, Penna., *Mission Relief*, of Brooklyn, N. Y., *Our Mother of Perpetual Help Circle*, of Brooklyn, N. Y., *Purgatorian Circle*, of *Our Lady of Lourdes Church*, New York City, and the *Venard Circle*, of Pittston, Pa.

### HAPPY TO RENEW

**W**E never miss an issue of your magazine. *THE FIELD AFAR* is right in the front rank—surpassed by none for information and entertainment.—*Reverend Friend, Cincinnati, O.*

I am very happy to renew my subscription. I read your magazine from "cover to cover", some items twice, and say a prayer for those who need it.—*New York, N. Y.*

Because of conditions I had decided not to renew my subscription to *THE FIELD AFAR*, but after listening to one of your missionaries talk at St. X.—here it is.—*Cincinnati, Ohio.*

THE MARYKNOLL ANNUITY PLAN INTERESTS MANY.

## Those Stringless Gifts



READY FOR THE EASTER PARADE  
At Saiho in the Maryknoll Korean mission field Fr. Cyrill Kramar, of Youngstown, Ohio, one of our 1934 mission band, is prepared either for spring sunshine or spring showers

**STRINGLESS GIFTS**—a heartening proof of confidence in this work for God and souls! A far-flung and constantly growing organization such as Maryknoll has a thousand and one needs, most of which are known only to those directing the Society. The donor of the *Stringless Gift* enables us to relieve some of the more pressing wants which do not otherwise come to the attention of FIELD AFAR readers.

Gifts of this most welcome variety came last month from friends in Fall River, Mass.; Malden, Mass.; Newton, Mass.; Lowell, Mass.; New York City; Bridgeport, Conn.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Boston, Mass.

Maryknoll fields afar also benefited by noteworthy Stringless Gifts, one of which came to our hilltop from Brooklyn, N. Y., and the other from Hastings, N. Y.

A sizable addition to our *St. Boniface Burse* for the support of a student at the Maryknoll Major Seminary was made by a mission-lover who preferred to remain anonymous. This same unknown friend also sent a *Stringless Gift*.

The Academia of St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass., remembered *Maryknoll Missioners* in South China, Manchukuo, and Korea; while the Society for the Propagation of the Faith heartened the Maryknoll Shepherd of Kongmoon, South China, by a generous donation.

Also through the National Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith came a gift for the *Lepers* under the care of Maryknollers in Bishop James E. Walsh's South China Kongmoon field.

An apostolic partner in Rutland, Vt., is erecting *St. Thomas Chapel* in the Maryknoll Wuchow Prefecture Apostolic of South China, and a contribution towards the building of *St. Patrick's Chapel* in Maryknoll-in-Korea was made by a friend in St. Louis, Mo.

The great importance of a native clergy in mission lands was realized by benefactors in Jackson Heights, L. I., N. Y.; Hamilton, Ohio; Los Angeles, Calif.; and Jefferson, Ia., who constituted themselves sponsors for a year of *Native Seminarians* in Maryknoll mission fields of the Orient.

A reverend friend in St. Paul, Minn., gave most generous aid in the *Support of Native Catechists* to Maryknoll Mission Superiors of South China and Korea.

Since our last issue went to press we have been notified of a remembrance of Maryknoll in eight *Wills*, and legacies in favor of our mission work have been received from ten others.

## PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

**Living:** Reverend Friends, 7; M. O'S. and Relatives; P. J. D.; S. J. S. and Relatives; Mrs. E. M. S.; G. O'H.

**A PERPETUAL Maryknoll Membership—\$50—will enable you to many spiritual advantages during life and after.**

**Payments of the offering required may be extended over a period of two years.**

and Relatives; M. N. and Relatives; Mrs. A. R. and Relatives; M. K. and Relatives; M. McG.; G. K. and Relatives; J. A. B.; Mrs. R. H. and Relatives; Relatives of M. K.; E. C. and Relatives; Mrs. W. McD.; A. J. A. and Relatives; Mrs. DeL. K.; E. J. P.; J. W. O'H.; Relatives of J. W. O'H.; F. D. T.; M. H. C.; Relatives of M. N.; M. W. D.; M. M. M.; M. E. and Relatives; M. C. McM. and Relatives; J. McC.; C. G. B.; D. S. and Family; M. S. and Family; A. S. and Relatives; M. A. C. and Relatives; E. M. C.; A. T. and Relatives; B. E.; B. B.; M. A. McL.; S. and P. K.; E. V. K. and Relatives; A. T. G. and Relatives; Relatives of A. O'B.; M. E. B.

**Deceased:** Francis T. Roache; Elizabeth Schafers; Philippe de La Laude; Katherine Chenery; Redmond Walsh; James J. Kelly; Nora W. Kelly; Francis Williamson; The deceased of the Ronan Family; Teresa Nevins; The deceased members of the Kenney Family; Charles and Margaret Coutanche; Mary Emma Watkins; David C. Hewitt; John Murphy; Mary A. Palmer; Bridget Molloy.

## STUDENT BURSES

A *burse* is a sum of money drawing yearly interest which is applied to the board, housing and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary, or at one of its Preparatory Colleges in the United States.

## FOR THE MAJOR SEMINARY

(\$5,000 each)

MAHAN MEMORIAL BURSE..	4,630.85
St. Vincent De Paul Burse, No. 2	4,500.00
Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse..	4,200.00
St. Anthony Burse.....	4,068.13
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse	4,050.00
Dunwoodie Seminary Burse.....	3,015.00
St. Michael Burse, No. 1.....	3,760.59
N. M. Burse.....	3,000.00
Bishop Molloy Burse.....	2,851.00
Marywood College Burse.....	2,832.00
Byrne Memorial Burse.....	2,800.25
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	2,762.85
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse...	2,264.19
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	2,263.63
Duluth Diocese Burse.....	2,211.70
Archbishop Ireland Burse.....	2,101.00
St. Bernadette of Lourdes Burse..	1,930.09
St. Dominic Burse.....	1,904.19
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse	1,738.06
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Burse.....	1,487.28
St. Agnes Burse.....	1,455.88
Fr. Nummey Burse of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill..	1,402.55
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	1,390.38
St. Francis of Assisi, No. 2 Burse	1,139.10
St. John Baptist Burse.....	1,121.21
Manchester Diocese Burse.....	1,000.00
St. Boniface Burse.....	1,000.00
Sacred Heart Seminary Burse....	851.00
St. Rita Burse.....	772.85
St. Lawrence Burse.....	673.25

WHEN YOU GIVE TO THE CAUSE OF MISSIONS



Children of Mary Burse.....	655.70
St. Joseph Burse, No. 2.....	653.20
St. Bridget Burse.....	630.70
Holy Family Burse.....	582.25
St. Joan of Arc Burse.....	503.61
The Holy Name Burse.....	476.65
St. Jude Burse.....	414.00
St. John B. de la Salle Burse.....	292.00
All Saints Burse.....	261.78
Rev. George M. Fitzgerald Burse.....	233.00
St. John Berchmans Burse.....	201.00
Trinity "Wekanduit" No. 2 Burse.....	200.00
Jesus Christ Crucified Burse.....	190.50
Newark Diocese Burse.....	157.00
SS. Peter and Paul Burse.....	150.00
St. Peter Burse.....	106.07
Queen of the Rosary Burse.....	105.00

#### FOR OUR PREPARATORY COLLEGES

(\$5,000 each)

IN HONOR OF THE SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH BURSE.....		4,802.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Reserved).....		4,500.00
"C" Burse II.....		1,851.60
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse.....		1,727.80
Archbishop Hanna Burse (Los Altos).....		1,444.95
Rt. Rev. Michael J. Hoban Memorial Burse.....		1,232.00
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Burse.....		1,001.00
Our Lady's Circle Burse (Los Altos).....		975.00
St. Michael Burse.....		696.32
St. Aloysius Burse.....		690.10
Ven. Philippine Duchesne Burse.....		347.30
St. Philomena Burse.....		215.00
Holy Ghost Burse.....		133.00
Immaculate Conception Burse.....		119.00
St. Margaret Mary Burse.....		113.00

#### NATIVE STUDENT BURSES

\$1,500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

SS. ANN AND JOHN BURSE..	1,400.00
Little Flower Burse.....	1,330.28
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	1,325.50
Sacred Heart of Jesus and Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse (Reserved).....	1,250.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	1,218.00
Mater Admirabilis Burse.....	1,083.00
Souls in Purgatory Burse.....	1,076.50
Mary Mother of God Burse.....	808.13
McQuillen-Blömer Memorial Burse.....	800.00
Christ the King Burse, No. 2....	702.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse.....	301.60
St. Patrick Burse.....	255.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus—F.W. Burse.....	200.00

#### ET LUX PERPETUA LUCEAT EIS

WE ask prayers for the souls of the following deceased friends of the mission cause:

Most Rev. James O'Reilly, D.D.; Rev. Joseph L. Hurley; Rev. Dennis H. Donovan; Rev. J. I. Dunn; Rev. William J. Dwyer; Rev. James J. Egan; Rev. C. J. Manley; Rev. Francis A. Cunningham; Rev. Mother Marie Joseph of the Divine Heart; Sr. M.



UPON NOTIFICATION OF THE DEATH OF A PERPETUAL MISSIONER, A MASS WILL BE OFFERED FOR THE REPOSE OF HIS SOUL.

#### A WORD TO THE SPIRITUALLY WISE

THE Constitutions of Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, as approved by Rome, give us the privilege of enrolling benefactors in a special form of membership, so that they may share in the prayers, works, and sacrifices of the missionaries.

Further—every Friday each missionary reserves his Mass for them. Priests especially will realize that this appreciation on the part of Maryknoll means a truly great sacrifice, as at the present time these Masses run into nearly ten thousand a year. We mention our memberships occasionally, and we are always prepared to answer questions regarding them.

Cecilia; Sr. M. Jerome Smith; Sr. M. Romanus Sliney; Sr. Mary of St. Joseph; Agnes Marella; Imelda La Croix; Frank J. Lechthaler; Mrs. Mary Early; Mr. Campbell; James T. Brady; J. Parkinson; Mrs. C. Schreck; G. G. Reis; M. E. Hevey; Mrs. Cook; Mrs. Fealy; Mrs. K. White; Mrs. B. Murphy; W. E. Fagan; J. Morley; D. M. Leonard; Susanna T. Regan; Mrs. John Giehl; Mrs. M. Hux; W. Sullivan; Mary Hubener; John J. Connolly; Josephine Lyden; Celia McGowan; Mary Hogg; Frank A. Mortimer; H. A. Howland; J. J. Connors; E. L. Brawley; J. E.

Fitzgerald; Catherine O'Brien; Mrs. Ann Burns; Miss Cornevin; B. Ryan; Mrs. R. S. Saunders; Margaret Courvy; Mrs. L. Garrity; Mr. and Mrs. Walter England; Mrs. J. Ferris; John Clahane; Mrs. O. Andrews; Mrs. W. G. Holmes; Mrs. L. Penfold; Mrs. K. Kenna; Alice E. Rowan; Irene Mullin; Kathryn H. Lynch; Mr. McDonald; Lena Kirchner; Bernard J. Fahy; Mrs. John J. Butler; John T. O'Keefe; J. N. Wahl; Margaret Blake; Mrs. Mary Horace; Redmond Walsh; Alvina Brochu; Rose McElwee; Carrie A. Kessler; Frank Koehler; T. J. Daly; Mr. Callahan; Mrs. James N. Sloyan; Mrs. Anne Knisely; Mrs. Nora Sullivan; Winigate; Mrs. John H. Briggs; John Molloy.

**I, a missionary priest or nun!  
Why not? Think it over.**

**YOU LEND TO GOD.**

# Some Maryknoll Biographies

## The Martyr of Futuna



"His endurance of hardships of all kinds, his universal charity, and his joy at the thought of dying for Christ, were the marks of a true apostle. Although our martyr's days were cut short before he could see the fruits of his toil . . . the closing chapter once more assures us that the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians. This book in the hands of those interested in missions may mean an increase in vocations."

—America

210 pp. 16 illustrations

## An American Missionary



"Father Judge's letters indicate the lofty purpose, the cheerful heart, the brave perseverance, of this remarkable priest, who sought a mission in far-away Yukon and labored there until death. . . . The man in him endeared him to all, Catholics and non-Catholics alike. . . . He devoted himself to uplifting, by practical as well as by spiritual ministrations, the weak and ignorant whom he encountered."

—The Boston Transcript

293 pp. 16 illustrations

## Two Vincentian Martyrs



"These two missionaries were men of fearless and unlimited consecration, and their lives shame all self-indulgence. . . . There could be no question of their love of their Lord and of the souls of the Chinese, and of their joy in their cruel sufferings and martyrdom. . . . It is well that American Catholics are taking up this great mission, and carrying it on with energy and sacrifice."

—Record of Christian Work  
(Protestant)

182 pp. 16 illustrations

## ONE DOLLAR

will purchase any one of these interesting and inspiring biographies.

Each is well written and well made, amply illustrated, and bound in a substantial and attractive cloth binding.

These books will be mailed postpaid.

## For the Faith



"Father de Breteniere's life exemplifies the result of perfect training, when Church and school and home combine to cultivate the soul. . . . Made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time. But the way, though short, was sharp; only by long fidelity to lesser graces could nature have been nerved for the fearful ordeal. . . . The brave gaiety, the enthusiastic devotedness, should prove contagious."

—The Catholic World

180 pp. 16 illustrations

FIELD AFAR OFFICE

: : :

MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

## VISIT YOUR MISSIONS IN JAPAN • CHINA • PHILIPPINES

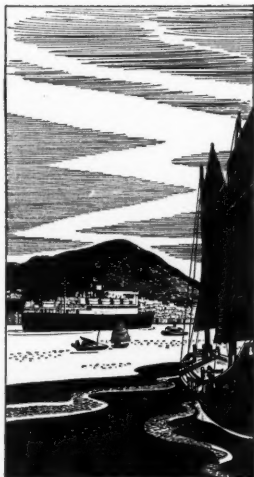
### Low Summer Roundtrips

Soon after Maryknollers began their pioneer work in South China, they established a mission in Korea, "land of morning calm." In 1928 this northern field was erected into a Prefecture Apostolic, and the number of Catholic natives has shown a notable increase. See Korea this summer! It's an easy sidetrip from Kobe in Japan.

See the Orient economically yet luxuriously this summer. Go by President Liner! Reductions apply to comfortable Tourist (all outside staterooms) as well as First Class accommodations. And favorable exchange makes all shore costs low.

Sail any week! From New York and California President Liners cruise via Hawaii and the Sunshine Route to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila. You can make a complete roundtrip in slightly over six weeks... adding to this as you please, planning stopovers and sidetrips anywhere.

For fares and further information see your travel agent, or...



**DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINES**  
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

## IN THE SAVAGE SOUTH SOLOMONS

by

Most Rev. L. Raucaz, S. M.  
Vicar Apostolic

Cloth, 270 pages, 7 maps  
80 illustrations

ONE DOLLAR --- POSTPAID

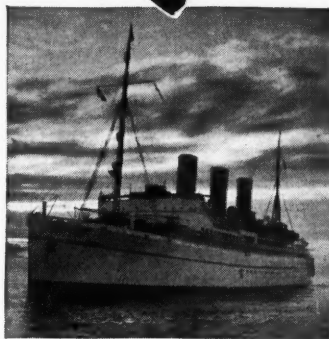
Bishop Raucaz gives us in this book a thrilling account of the heroic missionaries who planted the Church in the South Solomons. It is more fascinating than a detective story, as truth is often stranger than fiction.

The Society for the Propagation  
of the Faith

109 East 38th Street

New York, N. Y.

遠東  
"Far East"  
—in Chinese



### EMPRESS EXPRESS TO THE ORIENT

**YOKOHAMA IN 10 FAST DAYS** by the Direct Express Route. Go on the sister-ships, *Empress of Asia* or *Empress of Russia*. Ports-of-call: Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hong Kong, and Manila.

Take 3 more days and go by way of Honolulu on the fast *Empress of Japan* or the *Empress of Canada*.

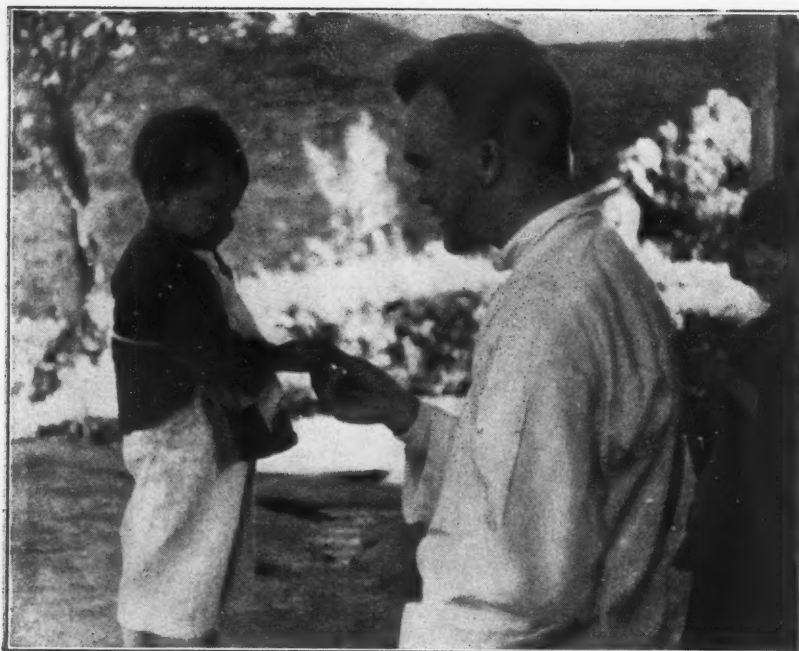
**INEXPENSIVE ROUND-TRIP FARES.** Go by distinguished First Class or comfortable Tourist Class. Still lower Summer round-trip fares to the Orient. Low-cost Third Class.

**FREQUENT SAILINGS** from Vancouver (trains to ship-side) and Victoria. Orient fares include passage to and from Seattle. California sailings meet "Emperesses" at Honolulu.

• Also... low-cost World Tours.

**BOOKLETS** from YOUR OWN AGENT or Canadian Pacific: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and 34 other cities in the U. S. and Canada.

Canadian Pacific



Fr. Francis O'Neill, of Woonsocket, R. I., makes friends with an orphan of the Maryknoll Yeungkong mission, South China.

*Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.—*  
St. Mark 10, 14.

What would you not sacrifice for the soul of your child, or of some little one dear to you? Surely if it were a question of securing for that innocent heart the Pearl of Great Price, the Treasure of the Faith, you would not count the cost.

China and Korea, where Maryknoll missionaries have followed the Good Shepherd in His ceaseless quest for strayed lambs of the Flock, have millions of children who have never heard of their Divine Playmate of Bethlehem. You can make it possible for our apostles to lead to Christ little ones of those fields afar.

It costs only *a dollar a day* to sustain one of our overseas apostles.

### *Sponsor a Maryknoller*

at least for one day each month. We will send you a monthly reminder, and this assistance can be discontinued at any time the donor is no longer able to offer it. Remember that if you share in the *sacrifice* of an apostle you will share also in his *reward*.

Sponsors are remembered in 193 Masses *every week*.





